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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1897.

THE UNITED STATES AND VENEZUELA.

NEXT to the passage dealing with the Cuban question, the most interesting feature of the President's message was the announcement that the controversy between England and Venezuela regarding the boundary of British Guiana was likely to be brought to an end through the intervention of the United States. We have since learned that the terms of the treaty agreed upon by Mr. Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote have been accepted by the Venezuela Executive, and this acceptance will no doubt be ratified by the Congress which will meet at Caracas on February 1. A remarkable chapter in the diplomatic history of the country may, therefore, be looked upon as closed; a chapter which has involved a bold and momentous application of the Monroe doctrine, and a formal recognition of the doctrine's applicability to a Spanish-American boundary dispute by the greatest maritime power upon the globe. Let us review very briefly the circumstances under which our government was led to assume a position which is certain to have important consequences.

There had been a quarrel about the boundary between Venezuela and the adjoining English colony, known as British Guiana, for upward of fifty years. The Venezuelans have persistently maintained that their territory extends as far eastward as did that of the Spanish province formerly governed by the Captain-General of Caracas, the eastern boundary of which, they say, was the Essequibo river. The English, on the other hand, assert that, when they obtained from the Dutch the region known as British Guiana, their new possession was, by no means, bounded by the Essequibo, but on the coast extended as far as the mouth of the Orinoco, and included a very large tract irregularly bounded in the interior. For a long time the matter was left in doubt, but in 1841, when the Dutch claimed the right to control the Amazon basin, one of the largest rivers in the world, and during the last dozen years it has become widely known that some of the interior highlands, the ownership of which is disputed, are rich in gold-bearing quartz. For half a century the Caracas government made repeated and anxious efforts to get this boundary controversy settled by arbitration, but up to 1855 its overtures to that end were inflexibly repelled by England. In May of the year just named, however, Lord Granville, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, entered into an agree-

ment with Venezuela's representative, General Guzman Blanco, whereby the whole boundary dispute was to be referred to arbitration. Just at that time, as it happened, the Liberal government, of which Lord Granville was a member, was overthrown, and Lord Salisbury, succeeding him in the Foreign Office, declined to carry out his predecessor's agreement. The position assumed by Lord Salisbury, was practically this, that a weak Spanish-American republic, like Venezuela, has no rights which a great power is bound to respect; and that British colonists are at liberty to appropriate whatever slices of her territory they may desire. The United States several times during the last twenty years have urged Great Britain to assent to Venezuela's reasonable demand for arbitration, but no attention was paid to our appeals, until in the summer of 1895 Secretary Olney addressed a firm though courteous note to Lord Salisbury, informing him that, unless Great Britain should consent to refer the definition of the British Guiana boundary to arbitrators, our government would feel constrained, in pursuance of the Monroe doctrine, to assist Venezuela in repelling forcible aggressions upon territory, to which she should seem to us, after a fair and full inquiry, to have a good title. In reply Lord Salisbury denied that the Monroe doctrine had any status in international law; he declared that England could not recognize its applicability to a South American boundary dispute; and he said further, that England would not submit to arbitration the question of title to any of the territory lying between the Essequibo and the so-called Schomburgk line, which about half a century ago was drawn without any authority on the part of the Caracas government by a Prussian surveyor named Schomburgk in the pay of the British colony. Apparently, Lord Salisbury regarded Mr. Olney's note as a piece of bravado, which should be met with cool, not to say contemptuous, defiance. He met our humane, disinterested protest with a challenge. He virtually said to our Secretary of State, You have threatened to back Venezuela against us, unless we submit the title deeds of a British colony to arbitrators. We shall do nothing of the kind, and we are curious to see what you are going to do about it.

What Mr. Cleveland did about it is well remembered. He laid Mr. Olney's note and Lord Salisbury's reply before Congress, accompanying the documents with a message in which he outlined what he believed to be the duty of the country in the premises. He pointed out that the government of the United States had never swerved from the principle propounded by Monroe, when the latter declared that we could not, without grave dissatisfaction, witness the extension by any European monarchy of its political system to any part of the New World, which had once declared its independence. If, on one pretext or another, the validity of which the aggressive power refused to submit to arbitration, the territory of an American republic could be dismembered, it was obvious that to that extent a monarchical system would be substituted for a republican form of government. We were bound, therefore, Mr. Cleveland thought, to adhere stiffly to the position taken by Mr. Olney that we should help Venezuela to repel by force encroachments on her territory, unless England would permit the western boundary of British Guiana to be determined by a court of arbitration. Before summoning England, however, to choose between the alternatives of war and arbitration, it was, in his opinion, expedient that we should determine for ourselves whether the English had, in fact, encroached upon land which belonged of right to an American republic, or, in other words, to ascertain how far the claim of Venezuela to ownership of the whole tract between the Orinoco and the Essequibo was supported by evidence. For the purpose of acquiring this information, he suggested that Congress should authorize him to appoint a commission to examine the treaties and other pertinent documents contained in the archives of Spain and Holland, from which States respectively the rights of Venezuela and British Guiana are derived. The special message of the President produced a great sensation on both sides of the Atlantic, and the excitement was increased by the prompt and almost unanimous indorsement of the President's views and intentions by both Houses of Congress. The desired appropriation was instantly voted, and the so-called boundary commission was presently appointed. It has

been at work ever since, and we understand that a report, embodying its conclusions, and accompanied with a synopsis of the evidence examined, will be eventually published, although the necessity for such a report has passed away, England having made up her mind in the course of a twelvemonth to assent to an agreement with respect to arbitration, which concedes substantially all that Venezuela asked for.

It is an extraordinary change of public opinion which we have witnessed in England since the publication of Mr. Cleveland's Venezuela message. At first a good deal of ill-temper was exhibited on the part of English newspapers and English politicians, and some astounding revelations of ignorance were made. We were told, for instance, that there was something sacrosanct about the Schomburgk line, although, as we have pointed out, it was no more binding upon Venezuela than if it had been drawn in the moon. We were informed that the Monroe doctrine was no part of public law, never having been sanctioned by European nations, as if any one had ever pretended that it was anything but a fact, the announcement of a policy, the promulgation of our government's settled determination. We were called upon to name the treaty, which authorized us to intervene against England on behalf of a South American republic, as if any treaty had given Russia, France, and England the right to intervene in the case of Greece, or had authorized France and England to interpose in the case of Belgium, or had empowered Russia to rescue Bulgaria from the Turks! These, and other irrelevant or fantastic assertions were current in the London press; and it is to be noted that some American college professors and a few Anglophil editors in our Eastern cities outdid the English themselves in their display of misinformation and wrongheadedness. These men, who would have been Tories in the Revolutionary war, and promoters of the Hartford Convention in the war of 1812, have now withdrawn into the background, since every argument brought forward by them to sustain Lord Salisbury's original objection to arbitration has been abandoned by Lord Salisbury himself. They have been left in the lurch by the very statesman whose wisdom they extolled, and have betrayed gratuitously their own lack of patriotism. There has never been witnessed in our history a more laughable predicament than that of the American assailants of Mr. Cleveland's Venezuela message, in the views and purposes of which the British government has, in less than a year, acquiesced. We do not mean to say, of course, that England's acquiescence is entirely unqualified. What Venezuela desired and what had been pronounced reasonable by our government, was that arbitrators should determine simply this question, What were the boundaries of the territory which Venezuela inherited from Spain, and what, on the other hand, were those of the tract acquired by England through cession from Holland? That, subsequently to the cession of British Guiana by the Dutch, England could acquire additional land by mere prescription was deemed impossible by students of international jurisprudence, for the reason that every successive encroachment had been followed by a protest from Caracas. It is well known that in private law prescription, considered as the ground of title to real estate, has both a positive and negative element; it implies not only long and continuous occupation, but the absence of any overt assertion of an adverse claim. To say that one country may acquire land at the expense of another merely by persistent occupation, when the element of tacit consent on the latter's part is lacking, is a dangerous principle to import into international law. That is what Mr. Olney has done, however, in the protocol arranged with Sir Julian Pauncefote, which, after providing for a preliminary determination of the titles acquired by the two disputants respectively from Holland and Spain, goes on to recite that, where lands, adjudged by the arbitrators to belong to one of the parties, have been for fifty years continuously occupied by the other, the latter shall be deemed to have acquired a good title by prescription. As a matter of fact, this stipulation, although, as we have said, dangerous in principle, will be of only trivial advantage to Great Britain, for, with the exception of a few sugar estates on the western bank of the Essequibo, and stretching for some miles along the coast

of the Caribbean, no part of the territory in dispute has been for fifty years continuously occupied by British subjects. Should, therefore, the arbitrators find in favor of Venezuela as regards the extent of the rights transmitted from Spain, the provision touching title by prescription will not disturb her control of the Orinoco or her ownership of the Yuruari gold-bearing region; the two things in which Venezuela is vitally concerned and which lay at the root of the whole controversy.

The settlement of the Venezuela boundary controversy upon terms practically identical with those originally proposed by Mr. Olney cannot fail to have momentous consequences for Spanish America and for the United States. If Great Britain had been suffered by us to lop off by force a large section of Venezuela, she would have repeated her acts of aggression until she had acquired control of the great Orinoco basin, and perhaps eventually absorbed the whole territory of that republic. The same method of colonial extension which she had followed successfully in one quarter might have been applied in another, and, from British Honduras as a basis, she might have ultimately attained ascendancy in Central America. Moreover, from British Guiana itself the same practice of encroachment, whereof Venezuela had been the victim on the west, could have been carried out on the south at the expense of Brazil, until the outposts of the English colony had been pushed forward to the Amazon. Then again, we may take for granted that, in the course of the next century, what England had done from the basis of British Guiana, France would do from Cayenne, and Germany from Dutch Guiana, should the last-named power eventually gain that dependency either by conquest or by cession from Holland. The French already claim that Cayenne stretches on the south as far as the mouth of the Amazon, and similar pretensions might be made for Dutch Guiana. The result would have been that the vast valley of the Amazon, perhaps the most valuable tract of the earth's surface, would have finally passed into the hands of three European monarchies. Then the southern half of this Continent would have been cursed by the wars which devastated North America during the contest of the French and English for preponderance there; and the earth-hunger of Europe would have, in the end, devoured the whole of Spanish and Portuguese America. Henceforth, however, in presence of the precious precedent established by the Venezuela agreement, all boundary disputes in Central and South America will be settled, not by violent aggressions, but by just and peaceful arbitration. Thus we see that it is no insignificant strip of frontier land that we have rescued for a sister republic. It is a Continent that we have saved. America has been preserved for the Americans.

No less far-reaching and impressive is the effect of the Venezuela agreement upon the international position of the United States. By granting at a word from us, what she had obdurately refused to Venezuela for half a century; by complying in the end with our request for arbitration when she began by denying that we had any right to ask it, or that we had any status in the premises; by permitting us to interfere in a dispute, which she formerly described as one concerning herself and Venezuela only, England has virtually acknowledged, and proclaimed *urbi et orbi*, that the Monroe doctrine, as interpreted by Mr. Cleveland, is an indestructible, irresistible fact, and that to the United States belongs, by the right born of might and by the title deeds of destiny, the hegemony of the western hemisphere. The acknowledgment is the more decisive, because it comes from a nation which, as regards mere area, is itself the largest power in the New World, and which, as possessor of a navy by far the most powerful on earth, is the one nation of all others which we have most cause to dread. The precedent, which England has created, no power less potent on the ocean is likely ever to disregard. This means that now, upon the eve of the twentieth century, we have taken a step forward such as the Romans took, when, having driven Pyrrhus out of Italy, they crossed the Adriatic, and interposed against the king of Macedonia on behalf of the Hellenic republics. Scarcely were our own hands freed by the suppression of the rebellion than we invited the French emperor to recall his troops from Mexico; and now, at the end of a generation,

we have crossed the Caribbean to protect a sister commonwealth. We have put ourselves forward as the guardians of territorial integrity and the conservators of republican independence on this side of the Atlantic. We have, in a word, at last awakened to the dimensions of our duty and of our mission. We have read the promise of imperial ascendancy blazoned in the western skies. We are becoming what we were meant to be, the Romans of the New World; and sooner or later we shall see to it that throughout its bounds, on its mainlands and its islands, there reigns the blessing of a Roman peace.

THROUGHOUT THE LAND

UNLESS there has been a sudden revival and specialization of lying, the surface of our country indulged in at least two unexpected changes last month. In Georgia and in Pennsylvania great masses of soil suddenly sank and disclosed the existence of large caves, through one of which ran a large stream of water, while the other has been descended to the depth of two hundred and fifty feet without bottom being reached. Such disturbances and readjustments on a larger scale may easily account for some of the earthquake stories reported from limited areas and believed nowhere else; even the smallest of them do not improve the earth's reputation for stability or increase the price of real estate in their immediate vicinity. On the other hand, the persistent boring for gas and petroleum is making the present generation better acquainted with the interior of the earth's crust than our ancestors ever hoped to be, and is liberating elements which probably have done more than any others to create the subterranean disturbances that have made poor humanity miserable.

A few days ago the Ten Commandments got into the United States Senate, under cover of an amendment to the Immigration Bill, but they were promptly voted out, only sixteen Senators standing by them. Senator Morgan desired that acquaintance with the Commandments should be had by any foreigner desiring to become an American citizen. He did not demand that the applicant should declare himself obedient to the ancient code, for this would imply that foreigners were better than the average American—better even than some Senators—but he insisted that to know the Commandments was to know the basis of American law. What could the Senators do? They well knew that some enactments of their own were not in accord with the spirit of the code which all men reverence but many fail to follow; they didn't care to exact a test by which they themselves might be judged by the adopted citizen, so the Ten Commandments were hustled out of the chamber, with apologies felt rather than spoken.

The strangest possibility of armed conflict that the United States have known is impending in Northwestern Colorado, on the Wyoming border. The land is fit for little but grazing; the cattlemen desire it as a range for their herds, while some sheepmen insist that their flocks shall graze there. The cattle are satisfied with grass, whether green or dry, but the sheep are said to nip the grass-roots below the surface—probably because the cattle have left nothing but roots. There have been some compromises and agreements, all of which were soon broken, so now the two interests are arrayed against each other, to the extent of several hundred men organized and armed like military companies, and each little army is determined that the other, with its animals, shall go. To complete the oddity of the situation, the land in dispute does not belong to either of the parties, but to the United States, the cattlemen and sheepmen being alike squatters. Europe can't show anything to match this—lucky Europe!

The most astonishing "slump" in American real estate at short notice was probably concluded by the sale, last week, of the handsome hotel and sanitarium property at Harrogate, Tenn. The buildings were erected four years ago, at a cost of about a million dollars; their success was to be assured by the prosperity of the adjoining city of Middlesborough, which British gold was to transform from a quiet village to the richest manufacturing city of the Central States. The scenery was superb, the climate health-giving, but the Middlesborough boom collapsed and with it the neighboring enterprise, so the million-dollar hotel has just been sold for a sum said not to exceed ten thousand dollars! Its future promises to be far more certain and prosperous than its past, for the buildings are to be occupied by the Lincoln Memorial University, with General O. O. Howard as president, and with a host of rich and influential friends. Every one rejoices when good fortune befalls an educational body, but the Harrogate incident will scarcely boom the building of great hotels for people whose coming is uncertain.

Next to the ways of politicians and stock-markets nothing is so uncertain as the relative conduct of heavy guns and armor-plates. A year ago the armor made for our new battleships was counted upon to resist the heaviest and swiftest projectiles that could be fired at it. Now comes a story, apparently true, that 10-inch armor-plates made on the most approved American plan by the ablest European workers in steel, have been penetrated by a Russian shot from a Russian 8-inch gun. This surprising result was due to a new powder, also Russian, which gave the projectile a much greater velocity than has ever before been known. Most of our armored vessels have armor more than ten inches thick, but most battleships of other nations use projectiles two or three times heavier than those of the 8-inch gun. Two or three conclusions are inevitable—we must not get into a war with Russia and her new powder unless we can devise powder as good as Russia's; armor-plates ought to be thicker, but they can't without overloading ships, and war is expensive foolery anyway.

Again science has been obliged to revise its estimates as to the periods in which some now extinct monsters roamed the earth, for a skeleton of the giant sloth, a creature about forty feet long and with feet larger than the head of a barrel, was recently found in a cave among

the remains of smaller animals that are of the same period as man. The animal, as reconstructed on paper by naturalists, is just such a creature as many human traditions describe under the name of dragon. It has always seemed strange to thinking men who did not call themselves scientists that the world's earlier peoples, who left no traces of being imaginative in other ways, could have thought out such a creature as the dragon that pervades the folk-lore of Europe, but if prehistoric man saw the giant sloth he needed no imagination to help him to a tremendous descriptive story. The North American Indians, too, have traditions of enormous and affrighting animals that could not have been seen by the mind's eye of a simple people unacquainted with whisky. Scientists, like other men, should go very slow while they are at mere guesswork.

The late General Maceo of Cuba seems to have done much more than put Spain to shame: he has put the scientific world by the ears over an ethnological question that was supposed to be settled. Maceo's energy, courage, military ability, and above all the confidence he inspired among insurgents of all grades of character and color, show that "mixed blood" does not deserve the bad name that has been given it. It is not only in the United States, and because of slavery, that a mixture of Caucasian and other blood is believed to neutralize the stronger qualities of the races thus blended. The English, who have had more experience in this respect than any other modern nation, speak despairingly and contemptuously of the results of British blood mixed with that of Canadian Indians, New Zealanders, East Indian natives—in short, of "half-breeds" in general. Maceo was a mulatto, of mixed Spanish and negro blood, yet he appears to have been a rare man and gentleman, as well as a remarkable soldier.

It has also been an accepted theory that the greater the admixture of Caucasian blood with that of another race the weaker the character of the individual. Probably the most intelligent, unprincipled and naturally unmanageable lot of soldiers of any European power is the noted "Foreign Legion" of France; the men, as a body, are so untiringly and aggressively villainous that they are carefully kept away from France and on duty in savage or semi-civilized lands. Yet this same "Legion" is kept admirably in hand and made very effective by its commander, General Dods, whose blood is one-fourth African and three-fourths Franco-English, and who, besides having the genius of command, is a man of untiring energy, a hard fighter and an able strategist. Apparently the results of mixing races are very like those of marriages between certain families of widely differing traits and environments long unchanged—it is wonderfully uncertain, for either good or bad.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY.

"LYING PROPHETS."

THE charm of this story, with its undercurrent of tragedy, lies in its simplicity and in its tenderness. The materials are slight enough: John Barron, an English artist of wealth, while sketching in the little Cornish village of Newlyn, discovers the daughter of "Gray Michael," a grim Luke Gospelseller. The girl's beauty attracts him; she sits to him; the picture is finished; and then all that John Barron asks of Newlyn is a packing-case for the canvas. But Joan Tregenza believes that he is going to marry her—there had been told by one to the other the old, stale falsehood, which men have told to women a million times, and which women, somehow, go on believing. But after a bit comes a terrible awakening. The girl is obliged to leave her father's roof, and then chaos settles like night upon her faith so that she knows not how or to whom to pray. John Barron had made her feel the God of her father to be a hateful, black thing, and had taught her to worship Nature instead; the girl had sacrificed everything at Nature's shrine, and now Nature herself was failing her. To her storm-tossed mind both God and Nature had been proved "lying prophets."

The sketches of life and manners in the little Cornish village are well drawn, though, to be sure, they are of the most homely sort. The author is especially happy in his scenic descriptions, and the touches given them are so sweet and fresh and realistic that one can quite fancy the heath is brushing one. We notice especially his way of summoning Nature, with her swift, theatrical transitions, to his service. It is spring time, with the young green everywhere, when Joan is first seen, standing in the gorse as "Joe's ship," the ship of her first lover, goes down Channel; it is harvest time, with its picturesque pageantry, when Death snatches her; it is winter, with its somber majesty, when Joe stands beside her grave—a winter promising another spring, though, for already a primrose has blossomed.

"Lying Prophets" will be issued with the number of the WEEKLY for Jan. 21, 1897, No. 16, Vol. XVIII. The American reading public will find in this powerful story one of the best specimens of the high class modern English novel. It is one of a class which cannot be found, outside of the Fortnightly Library, except by the payment of \$1.25 per volume. It is furnished to subscribers to the WEEKLY and Library at popular prices, and cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price until after we have published it. In pursuance of an established policy these new copyrighted novels by the best living authors are secured in advance for our patrons, and the convenient price of a few cents for each number of the Library places them easily within the reach of all persons of moderate means who wish to keep in touch with the best modern fiction. It is expected that a specially large edition of "Lying Prophets" will be called for, as we have the best of reasons for knowing that our efforts in this direction are continuing to be more and more fully taken advantage of by the novel readers of the country.



CROSSING THE BAR.



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY ENTERTAINING THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT YALDIZ KIOSK



THE FESTIVAL IN HONOR OF MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT IN PARIS



QUEEN VICTORIA PLACING A WREATH ON THE GRAVE OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT



THE NEW CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO LONDON



THE LATE MR. ALFRED NOBEL



DR. BENJAMIN HOWARD



THE INSTALLATION OF THE NEW ARMENIAN PATRIARCH

OUR NOTE BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

In the Court of General Sessions, this city, a few days ago, a young man connected with the best people was tried on a charge of felony and rightly acquitted. In the papers there has not been a word about it. The number of such cases that pass unmentioned would surprise any one unfamiliar with editorial sanctums. There is an impression that accounts of crimes and scandals constitute the main reason for editorial existence. In certain instances it may. But as a rule the management of any reputable paper is more occupied in keeping such things out than in gathering them in. That which handicaps an editor is the fear that what he may omit others will publish. As a consequence it is only when the editors of the local press combine in an agreement not to publish a particular matter that it is entirely suppressed. An agreement of that kind was made in regard to the young man referred to. Similar agreements have been made time without number. But the pity of it is they affect only the local press. The stories which they omit appear in the papers of other cities and subsequently reappear in such of the weekly papers as devote themselves to the recital of scandal. As a consequence throughout the country, among the best and most thoughtful people, there is always a distrust of the daily paper, joined to an increasing desire for a weekly which, while omitting every thing which partakes of the suggestive, shall provide information, not of ephemeral interest, but on every event of national, scientific, literary, artistic and social importance. The trouble is to find such a paper. There isn't one here, there isn't one in England. In this country, as abroad, there are papers which are admirable—in their sphere. But that sphere is limited. You have to buy any number of them to keep yourself up with the times. The ideal weekly is then one which, in addition to cleanliness, combines and conveys in each issue information on every important topic, and conveys it, too, not in a manner calculated to put you to sleep, but in such a fashion as will keep you awake.

And now should you ask where such a paper is to be had, I may assure you that if, during the coming twelve months, you read this WEEKLY, you will find that you have it in your hand.

The "Evening Post" recently announced the recovery in Egypt of a lost classic by Bacchylides, who, it states, was one of the great lyric poets of early Greek literature.

We must not believe everything we read in the papers. With every deference to the "Evening Post," Bacchylides was one of the many bores of antiquity that have survived for no other reason than that they have been forgotten by Death. In his day, which was contemporaneous to that of Anacreon and Pindar, he was an insignificant person. Pindar called him a chatter-box, and he hated Pindar in consequence. "There is but one real hatred," said Victor Hugo, "and that is a literary hatred." The hatred of this gentleman for a poet who would not have had him as a servant is his only title to fame. His verse is made up of three parts platitudes and one part rubbish. There is not a line of it that is fit to quote. If he ever had a thought he concealed it. Besides, classic is a big word for the "Post" to use. Greece had but nine lyric classicists, and of them Quintilian recognized but three—Sappho, Alcaeus and Pindar. Sappho is worth them all. Alcaeus is good, Homeric even at his hours. Pindar is better, a poet whose genius only Voltaire has denied. Horace regarded him as inimitable. In such company Bacchylides is not even a boulder. He is as inadmissible as a cowboy at the Patriarchs. Classic, indeed!

Talking of poetry, who is Owen Seaman? Here is a gentleman, presumably young and avowedly impudent, making faces at everybody, from crowned heads to Kipling. In a volume entitled "The Battle of the Bays," he mimics Swinburne, caricatures Sir Edwin Arnold, turns up his nose at the Emperor of Germany, trounces Alfred Douglas, and, in the voice of Walt Whitman, jeers at America. As a commentator on fancies and facts it is my duty to state that the book has made a hit. As a critic of prose and verse I will venture to prophesy that when Mr. Seaman wears of ventriloquism he will entertain literature with an original performance. Just at present he is sharpening his pen, and pretty sharp he has got it.

Here is a sample of his sass to Swinburne:

In the days of my season of salad,
When the down was as dew on my cheek,
And for French I was bred on the ballad,
For Greek on the writers of Greek—
Then I sang of the rose that is ruddy,
Of "pleasure that winces and stings,"
Of white women and wine that is bloody,
And similar things.

O delights of the time of my teething,
Félice, Fraçoletta, Yolande!
Foam yeast of a youth in its seething
On blasted and blithering sand!
Snake-crowned on your tresses and belted
With blossoms that coil and decay,
Ye are gone; ye are lost; ye are melted
Like ices in May.

Here is an example of his Whitmanesque:

SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES.

Part I. Presto Furioso.

Spontaneous U!

O my Camarados! I have no delicatessen as a diplomat,
but I go blind on Libertad!
Give me the flap-flap of the soaring Eagle's pinions!
Give me the tail of the British lion tied in a knot inextricable, not to be solved anyhow!

Give me a standing army (I say "give me," because just at present we want one badly, armies being often useful in time of war).

I see our superb fleet (I take it that we are to have a superb fleet built almost immediately);
I observe the crews prospectively; they are constituted of various nationalities, not necessarily American.

We shall wipe the floor of the mill-pond with the scalps of able-bodied British tars!

Part II. Intermezzo Doloroso.

(Allowing time for the fall of American securities to the extent of some odd hundred millions sterling; also for the Day of Rest.)

Part III. Andante Amabile.

Who breathed a word of war?

Why, surely we are men and Plymouth brothers!
Pray, what in thunder should we cut each other's Carotids for?

Merciful powers forefend!

For we by gold-edged bonds are bound always.

Besides a lot of things that never pay

A dividend!

Mr. John Lane of the Bodley Head is responsible for the American edition.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett, whose novels have constituted him a social historian of New York, has produced a new work of fiction which I beg leave to signal to your attention. Entitled "Life's Fitful Fever," it is a story of jealousy, suspected sin, divorce, and triumphant innocence. The scene is laid in this city, thirty or forty years ago, at an epoch when society and social happenings were unimportant, when everything was soberer, sedater, genteeler than it is now, when there was wealth without millions and luxury without splurge. But let me quote Mr. Fawcett:

"Money of course meant a great deal in those days; when has it failed to be of massive significance? But the reigning potentates, the Poughkeepsies and the Schenectadys and the Amsterdams and the Van Corlears and the Van Wagenens, and all the others who led and ruled and lorded it by right of Knickerbocker birth, were almost impregnable strong. They were all rich, or what was called rich thirty or forty years ago. They all kept their carriages and their butlers, and dined at six o'clock. Some of them went abroad, of a summer, but by no means all. It was a great thing to go abroad, then. It meant a thousand-fold more than it means now. Our grandees would return with all sorts of airy ideas about foreign modes and manners. There was no 'London' for them then. If they went to the great English capital it was only to observe and not be observed. There was no 'Prince' who beamed upon their charming young daughters and got his 'set' to take them up, and so brought about marriages which converted Miss Madison-Avenue, if you please, into Lady Piccadilly, or Miss Thirty-Fourth-Street (if you still please) into Lady Belgravia.

"And as for all the flamboyant newspaper chronicles of 'society,' these were then as unknown as the telephone or kinetoscope. Mrs. Amsterdam gave a ball, and no more dreamed of looking, next morning, for a description of it in any daily journal than she looked there for an account of how many dollars a month she paid her cook. Nowadays, if she saw a printed statement bearing on this domestic topic, she would probably not feel more than a passing qualm of surprise.

"No; that clever and unconscionable Briton, Mr. Edmund Yates, who first thought of making money by printing the deeds and misdeeds of aristocracy with a publicity of the sort which naturally surrounds the crimes of murderers and thieves and forgers, had not yet made his influence felt, either in London or New York. Our metropolitan society was snobbish beyond words, but it contained no element of notoriety. A shudder would have passed through it, a shriek would have gone up from it, if it had waked, some morning, and seen itself described, as now constantly happens, in columnfuls of babble and gush."

It is in this period that Mr. Fawcett's characters move, live and suffer. For they really live, there is no ink in their veins and it is with a scalpel rather than a pen that he discloses to you the throbbing fibers of a mother divested of children who are ultimately restored.

Mr. Fawcett's work is always superior, but this is superexcellent.

Mr. Collier is the publisher.

Apropos to things literary, at a recent dinner Conan Doyle talked a little about himself and a good deal about shop. He spoke of the curious fact that the profession of letters has no entrance test, and remarked that while some people had urged that the true test was whether one felt irresistibly inclined to write, his own view was that the reader should be irresistibly inclined to read what had been written. But the reader, Dr. Doyle went on to say, was less gentle than in days of yore, he balked at the mass of publications which he was supposed to be irresistibly inclined to read and to buy. Dr. Doyle added:

"We could not put back the clock and make books rarer—no one would if they could; but it might be no bad thing for a man now and again to make a literary retreat, as pious men make a spiritual one; to forswear absolutely for a month in the year all ephemeral literature, and to bring an untarnished mind to the reading of the classics of our language. It was his fate—if for an instant he might descend to autobiography—to make such a retreat under compulsion. For seven months he was shut up where he could neither read papers nor see any new books. The statement sounded suspicious and to prevent painful misconceptions he hastened to add that he was during those months on board a whale-ship in the Greenland Ocean. They had a few books with them—a very few—but among them were Boswell's Johnson and Macaulay's essays and Goethe's plays. Those were no bad shipmates to sail with for seven months, and though he might have resented it at the time he could understand now how valuable a thing it was to be torn away from the present and plunged vio-

lently into the past. A desert island containing a small but select library would be the prescription of the future against the haste and superficiality of modern life."

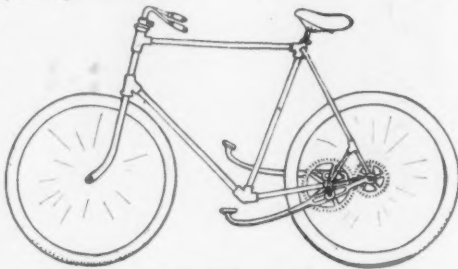
The "American Field" gives a list of the largest packs of hounds in Great Britain and Ireland. The largest pack of all contains ninety couples—one hundred and eighty dogs—and is maintained by the Blackmore Vale. This pack is run four days a week, but, of course, not all the dogs are used each day. John Watson, master of the Meath, an Irish pack, has sixty-four couples, running five days a week, making it one of the hardest-working packs in the kingdom. The Badminton, owned by the Duke of Beaufort, has in it seventy-five couples, which are hunted on five days of the week. Another pack that hunts five days a week is the Belvoir, and it has sixty-four couples. The four-days-a-week pack requires from fifty to sixty couples. The Duke of Buccleuch and the Earl of Eglinton keep the largest packs in Scotland, the duke maintaining fifty-seven couples and the earl fifty couples.

With but one or two exceptions packs in this country are club property. Of these the best are almost exclusively located in the regions circumadjacent to New York.

The announcement that the Ocean House at Newport has been sold and that the purchasers intend to put up a large modern hotel is delightful. There is not a city in the United States that has less need of one. There are two or three good little hotels there already, which, even in the height of the season, are never full. People who go to Newport either have houses of their own, or else go as those people's guests. The exceptions, people of social position who lack houses of their own and bids to the houses of others, go into lodgings. The stranger alone goes to the hotels. And as there is nothing earthly for him to do except to stare at people whom he don't know and who manifest no desire to know him, his sojourn is brief.

Statistics are pretty dry reading, but when they relate to bicycles and bicyclists they interest seven people out of ten. For it is a curious and attested fact that to those who don't bike, and yet are able to, the wheel possesses a morbid attraction. One and all they have a foreboding that unless death intervenes, sooner or later, and presumably sooner than later, they will take to it too. At present, in this country alone, they have the example of four million people to resist, the inducements of two hundred and fifty energetic and enterprising manufacturers to withstand, a capital of over sixty million dollars arrayed for their seduction. During the past twelve months more than a million new wheels were made. During the twelve months to come it is entirely safe and conservative to estimate production at double that number. In the first place example is contagious, in the second, money is easier, and in the third, how are you going to resist a chainless wheel?

Here is a picture of one which I am creditably informed will be ready by spring. It is sound and gentle, fleetier than any broncho, and pretty enough to take in your lap.



THE SURPRISES OF SCIENCE

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE past year has been fertile in surprises. There have been surprises of every kind, surprises political, surprises commercial, surprises domestic. There have been surprises in electricity, in medicine, in astronomy, in locomotion, in photography. There have been the surprises signaled to us by explorers, by archaeologists and particularly by imaginative editors. But the bouquet, the sensational surprise of science, was the announcement of a discovery made twelve months ago, and which, however startling then, has led to other discoveries more startling still.

That announcement, made by Professor Roentgen of Wurzburg, was to the effect that by means of a Crooke's tube he had succeeded in photographing bones through living flesh, coins through leather wallets and metal through a wooden board. At first no one believed him. But on the heels of the announcement confirmation trod. It was found that the X-rays, as he called them, were capable of infinite possibilities; that not alone did they make solids transparent but that they could be used in surgical cases, in searching for projectiles, foreign bodies and lines of fracture, and that by means of them diagnosis could be made of internal diseases. It was found, too, that their continuous transmission through the body, produced, in accordance with the condition of the organ through which they passed, irritation or stimulation. It has been found also that by means of them, perhaps, the blind may see. In Boston recently, a patient, who in early infancy had lost his sight, was enabled through their agency to distinguish and to describe objects held above his head, the impression being carried not to the optic nerves but to the brain, a result less surprising than miraculous.

Astronomically the event of the year has been the discovery that the famous canals of our sensational neighbor Mars generate, that where there was one, presto! there are two. For instance, a canal that apparently is but a single thin dark line will suddenly be supplemented by another which for a thousand miles

and more will run parallel to it. From the Lowell Observatory these lines look for all the world like railroad tracks. Thus far, I need hardly state, no limited vestibule express train has been seen careering along them, but that they are the work of beings superterrestrial yet human there is now slight room for doubt.

Agriculture, too, has had its surprise, the discovery that electricity may be used to stimulate the growth of plants, that those on which the arc light is directed mature in half the time ordinarily required. The effect on flowers is noteworthy. Their bloom is hastened, their growth and number is multiplied, their colors become more brilliant and their perfume more intense.

The question whether horseless carriages will supplant the horse is one which the past year has not solved. It looks however as though eventually they might. For certain purposes there is now no doubt but that they have come to stay. For instance, the authorities in charge of one of the largest gold mines in Australia have placed an order in California for the largest auto-motor car yet constructed. The mine in question is located four hundred miles in the interior of Australia, and great difficulty has been experienced in transporting supplies for the use of the miners. The cost of the construction of a railroad is so great as to preclude one being built, and so the auto-motor car has been decided upon.

The present method of transportation consists of wagons, which travel at a slow, lumbering pace. The car ordered will be equipped with a motor of seventy-five horse power, and will be driven by petroleum. The car is to be run over one of the worst stretches of desert in the world, where it is impossible to obtain either food for men or water for the machinery. The consequence of this is that the steam used for propulsion will have to be condensed and used over and over again. To meet this difficulty it has been arranged to place one thousand feet of piping as a roof over the car. The piping will act as a condenser, the steam having ample time to cool in passing through its long length.

Now, if the auto-car is practicable in the desert, why not in the country? And if in the country, why not, with the improvements which are bound to come, in town? But that is a question to which time only can reply.

During the past year comparatively little use has been made of windmills for the generation of electric current, but that such a plan is quite feasible, under many conditions hitherto thought to be unfavorable, is seen in a plant recently installed in Massachusetts. In this case a large house, stables and grounds are lighted by electricity, and the windmill provides all the power. In previous experiments on utilizing wind power for electric lighting trouble has arisen from the variability of the wind and the resulting fluctuations of the electric pressures. To overcome this difficulty the windmill shaft is now connected with a speed equalizer, which stores energy mechanically, and so counterbalances the temporary subsidings of the wind. The wind power, after having been converted into electric energy, is conducted to a system of storage batteries, which constitutes the current supply of the plant. One of the best points of the installation is that it is almost entirely automatic. There is no personal supervision necessary, and the plant needs looking to, for oiling principally, but once or twice in a fortnight. Another feature of the plant is that it can be duplicated for from six hundred dollars to eight hundred dollars, and as it can be run for a dozen years with practically no expense beyond the cost of lubricants and an occasional cleaning, it brings a private electric supply within the reach of a large number of people. It is found that the actual wind energy available for the equipment is far in excess of the requirements of ordinary residences. The storing capacity is ample to bridge over any possible period of calm. The objections to former systems of electric windmills have been carefully avoided and the plant has been so well adjusted that it is possible to use a much lower rate of wind speed than has ever been attempted before.

A recent issue of the "Australian Medical Gazette" contains a brief but instructive report of the cure of a case of hallucinatory disorder. The patient, a man aged sixty years, had suffered for two years from subjective visual sensations. Not a day passed that he did not see a large number of spectral human figures, and believing himself to be haunted by ghosts he had become very despondent and melancholy. On seeking medical advice it was found that he had senile cataract. When this was removed by operation the ghosts fled and the man recovered his usual health. In this connection we may cite the case of a tradesman in Berlin whose shop was haunted by apparitions resembling in appearance some of his deceased customers. He was an intelligent man, aware that he suffered from sensory hallucination, and made notes of his subjective impressions. In due time he submitted his eyes to examination and operation, with the result of a restoration of normal vision and the immediate and final disappearance of his intangible visitors. The obvious teaching of the foregoing and similar cases is that in these modern days the person to be resorted to for the exorcism of spirits and demons is the ophthalmic surgeon.

Medically, the chief feature of the last twelvemonth has been the success of the anti-toxine treatment in diphtheria. Incidentally the serum method has been adopted in France in cases of cholera and by local bacteriologists as a preventative of tetanus, while from Spain come reports of its successful application to lepers. In addition, scientists have recently agreed that insanity is a germ disease, to be treated accordingly; and a month ago announcement was made in two or three of the European medical journals that the prolonged use in small doses of a preparation of the sap of the wart-wort constitutes a cure for cancer.

In all conscience these diseases are frightful enough and that remedies have been found for them is a subject for universal thanksgiving. They are not only frightful; ever since the history of medicine began they have baffled pathology and eluded science. It is splendid to know that dread of them may diminish. But why can-

not the wonder-workers who have found how to defeat them find too how to defeat a malady more simple, less complex, and deliver suffering humanity from a cold in the head? In comparison to the achievements recited it should be as easy as rolling off a log, yet for the conquest of influenza we wait, and, worse luck, we wait in vain.



HABIT.

An act repeated until the mind ceases to take conscious note of it, has become a habit. It is now more or less involuntary. But acts are lifeless in so far as the will ceases to determine them; therefore a man who yields to habit, to that degree has surrendered his life. And whether the habit in question be what is called good, or bad, does not alter this fact.

In the beginning there was a resolve either for good or ill. Of course this is to speak strictly, since many acts, such as the way a man ties his neck-scarf, or makes a bow, are morally indifferent. Nevertheless, if you analyze the matter far enough, it will be found that all things have their color, be it ever so faint. There is always a choice between the right, and the less right. But the point here is, that whereas at first the will was concerned in this choice, it afterward abrogates that privilege, and he who was originally a free agent becomes an automaton. He gives up the man for the mechanical.

We are taught to acquire good habits, and to eschew bad ones. No doubt it is expedient for our physical health, and thereby for our moral welfare, to get the habit of breakfasting on bread and milk instead of on brandy and soda. The latter diet undermines our digestive powers, and obscures the distinctions between right and wrong. Of the two habits, it is beyond question that we would better select the bread and milk, if the alternative be so restricted. But is it indeed so narrow? Why should we not retain throughout the freedom which we exercised in the beginning?

Suppose that Heaven lay on the summit of a mountain. Two persons, being well disposed, resolved to go thither. There are two ways of going—on foot, and by the railroad. One of our pilgrims buys his ticket for the train, the other grasps his staff, binds on his sandals, and hoofs it. The former, having settled himself in his chair, takes out his cigar-case and his railway literature, and proceeds to entertain himself as best he may. He gives no further thought to the journey; it is the business of the railroad employees to see that he is delivered right side up at his destination. These cigars are fragrant; this novel is interesting; a trifle risque perhaps, but what of that, since we are heavenward-bound? Our feet stumble not; our mind labors with no doubts. We have leisure to turn our attention to our personal affairs—our worldly interests; we may calculate the chances of our stock in the market, and speculate as to the inner nature of the pretty woman in the seat yonder. One must kill time somehow, and there is our ticket, "Good for one passage to Paradise." We are sure to arrive sooner or later, because in a moment of virtue we voluntarily put ourselves in the way thereto. Having done that, there is no longer any necessity for devoting thought to the matter. We have taken our train—"acquired our good habit"—and the rest is a question of mere mechanics. Who is this absurd fanatic who insists that we should train ourselves in athletics for the journey? Does a man need firm muscles to ride in the cars? Must he develop his thighs and calves to sit in an easy-chair, or his wind, in order to look out of window? Surely not; his contract with the Company has once for all absolved him from all these obligations. During the trip, he may safely allow his will, judgment and constancy to enjoy a vacation, since, though he were to work those fine faculties to exhaustion, they would not hasten the arrival of the train a single minute ahead of schedule time.

Meanwhile our other traveler is laboring and sweating up the steep ascent. The train winds away from him up its easy gradients, and is lost to view and recollection. He is alone with his mountain. He is constrained to pay strict attention to the business in hand. He must calculate each movement; note where to place each footstep; keep a wary eye on rolling stones, and watch to help himself where he may with roots and projections. There are terrible precipices on this mountain, and hidden sink-holes, falling into one of which he would be swept away by underground waters into the bowels of the earth. Every gain that he makes is at the cost of breath and sinew; often it seems to him that he has not gained but lost, and is further now from his goal than an hour ago. Ever must he fix his thought and hope upon the end of his effort; picture to himself the worth of the sacrifice and peril, and never for an instant permit the Apollyon Doubt to paralyze his struggling faith. By desperate degrees he begins to win a more commanding height; but now a new obstacle presents itself. For here is a region barren of the kindly growths of the lower levels; all around are naked rocks and freezing snow-drifts. Every aspect seems hostile to human life, and the fear knocks at his heart that he has wasted his strength but to die in these awful solitudes. Yonder, far below, smile the warm and tender valleys, with the smoke of human habitations rising beside dimpling streams, and the reapers at their sultry toil. Shall he not give up this cruel contest, which no longer promises any reward but extinction, and descend by yonder ravine to the indulgent comforts which he has so rashly abandoned?

Fighting thus grimly against his own body and soul, he is on the stupendous summit at last. And here, too, is the train, with its steaming engine and painted cars, just pulling up at the station, and disgorging its passen-

gers. He recognizes among the latter his former companion, from whom he parted below. There he stands with his valise in his hand, looking about for a hack to convey him to his heavenly hotel. But where is the hotel, and where is Paradise?

Now in truth the name of this station is Death, and thither must all men come at last, by what means soever they travel. Yet those who traveled by train find themselves in a different plight from that of the footfarers. For Heaven, it now turns out, is not a place to which one goes, but a state to which one attains. The Kingdom of Heaven is within us. It is final victory after life-long internal conflict. It is the strength and beauty and harmony of the soul becoming outwardly visible in the plane of spirit; we build our own mansions of immortality, and spread abroad our own Paradisaical vales and meadows. The scenery of Heaven is expanded according to the spiritual contents of each fresh soul that enters there. Except we furnish the material for our eternal home, we must needs do without it, since there is no other source whence it may be created.

And what sort of material can our train-passenger supply? He is a creature of habit; of good habits, doubtless, but not the less a thing of routine and rule-of-thumb, in whom has been transacted no daily drama of heaven and hell, with the issue in doubt till the last moment; there has been no movement of life in him, with its fiery struggles and icy doubts, its hourly alternatives of captive good and captive ill, its specious enemies, its unrelenting friends. No airs of promise or blasts of despair have blown through him; nothing has grown in him; if not dead, he has remained at best in a state of suspended animation. The talent which he received has he kept undisturbed in its napkin; the narrow and dark cell which he opened his eyes upon at birth, in that has he ever since had his pusillanimous abode. The angels appointed to conduct newcomers to their homes stand at a loss, gazing hither and thither in vain. In all the infinity of heaven there is no place found for this poor applicant, not because he is so large, but because he is so small; not because he has done evil, but because he has done nothing. The trouble with such is, not that they are hostile, but that they are useless; and how shall they find accommodation in that Kingdom of Uses which heaven is? Must they then be consigned to the Other Place? No; something definite—some voluntary fashion of character—is requisite there likewise. We are left to surmise that compassionate spirits take them in charge, and do what may be done to create in them some semblance of what they were put on earth to create in themselves. The process, however gently contrived, cannot be altogether agreeable; nor can the result be of great substance. The subjects of it will drift through eternity with feeble hands and uncertain steps, kindly disposed, but ineffective. Every one will help them, but they can afford help to none. They sold their human birthright for a mess of pottage, and the bargain stands. Let us leave them to the Infinite Mercy, and turn meanwhile to see the glorious pleasures and noble edifices which Heaven has gained from the man who revered his will, and journeyed afoot. There was no fruitless quest for title-deeds for him; he was his own place, and there, in ever-increasing royalty of use, shall he be found.

So much emphasis has been laid upon bad habits, that we have lost sight of the hardly inferior danger which attaches to habit of any sort. Man was born to live, and if he neglect to live to the extent of his faculties and possibilities, he stands accountable for a sin. Might we not even question whether a bad habit be not more deadly to the soul than an independent and voluntary crime? There is no reaction from habit; from crime there may be. Crime ravages the moral nature, but evil habit relaxes it. The criminal may do good, but the man who has surrendered his will to evil inclinations is but rotten driftwood; he is capable of no voluntary action. He is the helpless tool of his own appetites, and serves the devil for a stop-gap. The criminal often observes certain self-imposed limits; the slave of habit is impotent to check himself at any point. He is a missile of mischief, self-launched in space without an orbit, "meaning no harm," but there is no harm which he is not liable to accomplish.

We are apt to think that good habits are indispensable to constancy in good deeds; but this is an illusion, and misses the point at issue. Moreover, we know the fate of good resolutions, and what place is paved with them. Let us not begin the New Year with them. If I swear-off drink, and keep my vow for the twelvemonth, my physical health benefits perhaps, but my moral strength is left where it was at the outset. For my free-will I have substituted the fear of breaking an oath; and fear never strengthened anything. Let me rather stand on my own feet, and be a man, though I be defeated. The child who abstains from theft from dread of a whipping grows up a thief at heart. But he who struggles afresh against each fresh impulse to do wrong, either succeeds at last, or at worst he has the benefit of every struggle, and though he fail in the fact yet will he be rewarded for the spirit. The world should begin anew with a man every morning and every hour, and he recognized to the end for the sleepless battle that it is. The only help he should accept or pray for is help from his Creator, because that means more independence. It cannot be affirmed too often—except we are independent we are nothing; and to be nothing is worse than to be deliberately evil. When the preacher bids us cast the burden of our sins on the Lord, he says well; but let us well understand what he says. We are here to choose all our lives between right and wrong—not to render ourselves impotent to choose anything, wrong or right.

Habit is the last and subtlest hold of the Tempter upon his victim; under cover of salvation itself, he despoils him. "Your ship is headed for the Happy Isles," he says. "Lie down and sleep, and let the currents bear you thither." The name of that ship, written in shining letters on bow and stern, for all to see, is "Good Resolutions." But those who have voyaged in her know too late that she is the instrument of Numbness, Slavery and Death.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

KELLAS concludes from his experiments that exhaled air contains more Argon than before inhalation; from this he infers that it is an important element in the animal economy.



THE DEATH OF THE CHIEF MATADOR



F MATADOR—PAINTED BY JOSE VILLEGAS.

MEN MANNER (AND MOOD)

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

XXIV.

A CERTAIN Mr. Pattee (whose name the "Evening Post" prints wrongly, so that it makes a wicked rhyme with "chatter") has been ringing of late in the Chicago "Dial" those old patriotic changes on the subject of an "American Literature." One veils one's face in sorrowful dread. Are we going to have all this tedious business over again? We had hoped the whole discussion, like that of realism and romanticism in fiction, had been comfortably consigned to a receiving vault even if it had not secured permanent burial. A few years ago Mr. Howells was telling us in "Harper's," month after month, that life should be photographed by the novelist and not "dramatized"—I think this was the appealing word he used. Then we began to discover that this author, charmingly as he wrote, was only, after all, a kind of New England Zola, with more humor than his mighty master, but with none of the Frenchman's amazing power of selection and with only a meager tithe of his inflexible audacity—a Zola, in fact, with one eye on his voracious and pleasing manuscript and the other on some phantasmal yet threatening Anthony Comstock. We found ourselves naming Mr. Howells The Oracle of the Ordinary, though not with any more disrespect than we would have shown in thus describing one of the carefulest and cleverest of the old Dutch painters. We learned, after a while, that between realism and romanticism there was no radical difference whatever, and at last our weary souls were at rest. We perceived that everything which any of the perverid contestants had ever meant was that some writers treated life more artificially than others, but that the unexpected happened in it quite as often as the "probable" or the alleged "inevitable." The teapot ceased to tremble, therefore, its tempest having been allayed. Zola remained, as he had always been, the one sovereign of realism, since he wrote as nature creates, with no more discrimination than she between decency and indecency, nobility and vileness, sublimity and debasement.

And now are we to have the literary stars and stripes once more waved over that tedious old question of "Is there an American Literature?" As if we had not long ago settled it, and become serenely satisfied that languages are the great and impregnable dividing-lines between all literatures! For the latter grow and thrive, diminish and fade, with the languages in which they are written. If, during the next half-century, there should arise Australian Longfellows, Emersons, Lowells, Whittiers and Hawthornes, they would not, in the least literary sense, be Australian. They would be colonial products of English literature, for they would deal with the English tongue. And our Longfellows, Emersons, etc., are colonial products of English literature for precisely the same reason. "Do Homer into any language," affirms Mr. Pattee, "and he is still Greek." Indeed, he was so little Greek when he was done into English by a certain brilliant translator named Alexander Pope, that a reader supposedly intelligent yet supposedly unaware of any "Iliad" or "Odyssey" having existed, might read him with no more doubt that his two epics were the work of Pope than if he were conning the "Essay on Man" or "The Rape of the Lock." Detestable to jingoes may be the thought, but our literature is as much English as that of Belgium is French. Think it all over, passionate partisans, and you will find the facts inflexible. If I should live twenty years in Russia and write a tale teeming with Russian character, feeling and color, this tale, provided I wrote it in English, would belong to English letters alone. We are a nation without a language, and hence we have not, and perhaps for several centuries will never have, a literature that may be called "our own." We are not giving birth to half as many bad and trashy novels as England is reeling off at the present time. For that matter, her fiction has nearly always been trivial, inartistic, impotent. It is almost as worthless as the majority of her music, and that is saying a great deal. Nevertheless, whatever we write belongs to her in a tributary, dependent, colonial sense. We cannot deny this truth, and to revolt against it is merely, like Xerxes of old, to beat the sea with sticks.

I see that a noted author is about to publish in one of the leading magazines a serial dealing with the experiences of a young man who has written a play and is desirous of producing it. I envy this tale-teller his subject, for it is one which I have often thought I might myself deal with from a point of view almost strictly autobiographic. Long ago I had "experiences" of this sort whose recollections are even yet the material for incidental nightmares. Authors and publishers have been called natural foes. Compared with managers and playwrights they are bosom-friends. It is currently believed that after an American writer has succeeded in making one success, the road is afterward clear to him. Never was there a greater fallacy. You have scored your first point; through some miraculous luck you have got your play staged and performed and approved by the public. Then you try to have another produced. To your chagrin you find that the very reading of it is often an affair of weeks, not to say months. I recollect giving my third or fourth play to a manager when mid-summer fervors raged. In January of the following winter I met him at an evening reception, and he told me that he was very sorry indeed not to have sent me an earlier answer, but that the recent unbearably cold weather must be his excuse. Another manager requested a play from me on the subject of Americans resident abroad. I made my *locale* England and my foreign people British, having received no orders to the contrary. When I brought this gentleman my work he skimmingly examined it and then informed me that he would not take it unless I changed all my English folk to French, and substituted Paris for London. This was a terribly hard thing to do, and a still harder thing (in

my own case) to do well. But I did it, and no doubt I did it quite ill. I had spent a lot of time over the play, as it was—time that I might profitably have employed in other pursuits. But if I had refused to make these demanded alterations, dead loss would naturally have ensued. On again submitting to him my poor patched-up effort, he coolly announced to me that I must throw the entire third act into the *foyer* of the Parisian Grand Opera. I felt much more like throwing it into the fire, but once again disobedience was fraught with grim pecuniary threat. Most reluctantly I undertook this new task, with others of a minor sort, just as stringently imposed upon me and only a trifle less deplored. Well, in the end my play was brought out, and a sorry failure it proved. Perhaps it might have failed anyway; the drama may have Jonahs of bad luck, but I never yet discovered that it had any trustworthy Daniels of prophecy. Still, I have always felt a warm desire to know what might have happened if my original version could have got itself behind the footlights.

A novice at play-writing must be prepared for many disappointments, many-perished illusions. He may think, at rehearsal, that Mr. This or Miss The Other will achieve marvels on his *première*. Both may so misinterpret him that he will sit and shudder in the modest ambush of his box at their dire ineptitude. Some other artist, with a much smaller part than either of theirs, will amaze him by an undreamed-of cleverness. Again, his most cherished witticisms will fall flat with the audience, while a line that he has thought had best be cut out altogether will prove what they call in theatrical parlance "a screamer." Bursts of sentiment that he has feared might almost wring hisses from even the decorous orchestra will evoke "full-handed thunders" from the entire house. An adored "situation" will be rated as the flimsiest melodramatic chaff. A single turn of phrase will ruin the seriousness of a whole scene. . . . Ah, verily, the playwright is a skater on thin ice, and before he knows it (however grand may have been his self-confidence) the waters of disapprobation, ridicule, scorn, may have closed over his head. We are not to claim that the way of the transgressor is hard. I am not at all sure that it infallibly is. But the way of the playmaker? About that ignorance can alone be doubtful!

It seems to me that I never open a newspaper nowadays without seeing it stated that such or such a woman will soon become the "leader" of New York society. Now, the truth is that ever since any actual, definite, practical "society" existed in New York, there have never been but two leaders of it, Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. William Astor. About 1870 the former lady, who had reigned supreme for years, chose to retire and never really reemerged, from then till the time of her death. She had beauty, the best of Knickerbocker birth, and great wealth, and her sway was never disputed except by those not permitted to cross her threshold. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the charming mother of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, might have shared with Mrs. Belmont her distinction. But she never cared half as much for fashionable potency as for silent and earnest charities, and avoided large entertainments far oftener than she honored them. The scepter then fell to Mrs. William Astor, her sister-in-law, and in this lady's hands it has remained ever since. To know her, visit her, and be visited by her, means that you are in society. Not to rank yourself among her acquaintances, on the other hand, means the reverse. If you belong among her intimates you are in the "smart set." *Voilà tout*.

I am not discussing this question ethically, nor am I discussing it either snobbishly or unsnobbishly. I am recording, reminding, making a correction—neither more nor less. There is not a rich family to-day (for all that is talked about wealth gaining such easy access) which has been able to "place itself" without Mrs. Astor's sanction. To the late Mrs. Paron Stevens Mrs. Belmont persistently denied admission. Mrs. Stevens waited, however, and Mrs. Astor bestowed it. With the late Ward McAllister matters were radically the same. Unsupported by Mrs. Astor's aid, he would have been powerless, even during those days when his Brummell-like vogue was at its height. . . . No, ye newspaper wiseacres, there is not the faintest chance of any woman, save her name be Astor, leading society here for a long time to come. Refined and attractive cliques may exist in this or that region of the town, but when the great and noteworthy functions are given, either an Astor supervises them or they miss the finest importance. You may call this, if you please, a proof of our provincialism, and you may affirm that in London there are twenty-five ladies, at least, with all Mrs. Astor's influence and prestige. I concede the truth of either statement. Nevertheless, when Mrs. Astor dies or abdicates, her daughter-in-law will quietly take her place. Or, rather, she will not take it, she will inherit it. Everybody will yield to her, just as everybody now yields to her husband's mother. I offer no explanation of this fact, but simply as a fact I present it. Many persons in the Four Hundred may have position. The Astors are position. You may ignore and scorn position, or you may be struggling for it. In the latter case, an Astorian *cachet* can alone secure it for you.

A CLOSE BARGAIN.

It is said that General Skobeleff, on the eve of the battle of Plevna, offered a Polish Jew the choice between one hundred rubles and the cross of St. George for having saved his life. Said the young soldier: "The cross of St. George—what is it worth, the cross of St. George?" Replied Skobeleff: "My good fellow, it is not for the worth of the thing, but for the honor, that I offer it to you. The cross itself is worth no more than five rubles." The Polish Jew soldier clinched matters by answering: "Well, then, I'll have the cross of St. George and ninety-five rubles."

A HEATHEN burying ground, with giant skeletons, was recently dug up at Mitterdorf, in the Austrian Salzkammergut. Many of the bodies were six foot seven inches tall; they were all buried with the feet to the east, each inclosed in a circle of stones, with a stone under the head. Large ear-rings and finger rings were found on them, and one skeleton held a knife in its hand. No signs of Christian burial were discovered.

A NEW YORK CINDERELLA.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE great Sir Walter, in his far-famed poem, tells us how young Lochinvar had "come out of the West," but he fails to inform us at all on the subject of how much personal possession accompanied this hero's exodus, apart from a "good steed" and his ability to ride it. Now Mrs. Bartlett Bigsbee had come out of the West with a daughter, several millions, and a kind of niece.

I mention the niece last, and I call her a kind of niece because the exact relationship between Mrs. Bigsbee and Martha was doubtful, as some one appeared to have found out. Put in any case a real niece, it would seem, could hardly have been treated with so much careless contempt. Ada Bigsbee, the daughter, was often brusque and curt with Martha as well. But she secretly envied the girl her nose, and this feeling wrought its own atmosphere of vague respect. Ada's nose, set in a peachy face below fluffs of flaxen hair, had a turned-up end, while Martha's, purely Greek, and with tenuous pink arcs of nostrils, might be named her best feature, though the others lacked neither intelligence nor charm.

Mrs. Bigsbee had striven to place herself among the New York swells, and had fatally failed. They thought her boisterous and common; they would none of her. For two summers she had struggled at Newport, for two winters in New York. She had taken a handsome house in Madison Square, and had furnished it with the faultless taste which any one nowadays can buy—even a Broadway or Sixth Avenue liquor-seller, if it comes to that. She got certain refined and fashionable people to dine with her, but not many. She did not know how to wait, for one thing, and, for another, she was immensely purse-proud. She had no tact, and little suavity. The swells ate her superexcellent canvas-backs, drank her twenty-year-old dry champagne, and went away saying, "Nevertheless, they will not do."

She grew very bitter, at last, and her manners did not improve for this reason. Rage at society for not letting you pass its gates only bars them tighter and makes it laugh at you with cynic amusement behind them. She adored her daughter, and yet conceived the idea of matrimonially selling her. She gave it out, with almost brutal publicity, that Ada, if marrying as she approved, would receive a *dot* of one million.



"WHY DON'T YOU MAKE HIM PROPOSE?"

"There's Beekman Stannard," she said to Ada, one day. "He's a Knickerbocker of the oldest stock, he's nice-looking, he has (I'm told) an income of about fifteen thousand a year, goes right into the very heart of the Four Hundred—into the Hundred and Fifty, in fact—and is considered a man of intellect. He comes here quite a good deal, lately. Why don't you make him propose?"

Ada laughed her silly, vacuous little laugh, which her mother thought so melodious. "Why, ma, he comes to see Martha. At least, he acts as if he did."

"That girl!" Mrs. Bigsbee flung out, scornfully. "Martha's been poking herself into the parlors—drawing-rooms, I mean—altogether too much. I'll see that she keeps away when five o'clock tea is served."

Soon afterward poor Martha was receiving one of the many tirades to which time could not make her accustomed. She knew her kinswoman as society did not, despite its condemning verdicts.

"You, a mere dependent, Martha Trask, to put on such airs! I won't have you pushing in between Ada and all her chances! I guess you tell people you've got more brains and education than my child, but I guess you *don't* tell 'em you were once a school-teacher in Sacramento before I brought you East out of pure charity!"

"I've never been ashamed to tell them," said Martha, trying to make her lips look as if they did not tremble. "Oh, you ain't!" (An insurgent "ain't" would sometimes creep, at emotional urge, through the crust of Mrs. Bigsbee's latter-day "culture").

Martha was indeed secretly seeking a position as primary teacher in some New York school, at that same time. She was very tired of her insolent persecution. There were some old Californian friends in town who had offered to aid her quest. The moment it was crowned with success she meant to slip away to these friends' house. Meanwhile, she was biding results.

The next afternoon that Beekman Stannard appeared at the Bigsbees' he asked Ada, across the brim of the cup of tea she had made him, why Miss Trask was absent. "Martha's out," she answered, obeying maternal instructions, "and that's all I can tell you." Then, changing the subject (also mindful of maternal instructions): "Oh, Mr. Stannard, I didn't know, till yesterday, that you'd written that lovely book of poems, 'Lute and Flute.'"

"No? Really?" said Stannard. (Ada always bored him dreadfully.)

"That sweet little serenade you call 'Climbing Roses' charmed me so! I—I almost know it by heart!" (It was about the only thing in the collection that she even knew by name.)

"I suppose you've been reading your cousin's copy,"

said Stannard. "She told me, some time ago, that she had one."

"Oh, no, indeed! Mamma and I got ours at Brentano's yesterday. We've both been spellbound by it. Here comes mamma, now, to tell you so."

Stannard left the house much discomfited at not finding Martha there. He was immensely interested in the girl, and often almost stingingly piqued by her. Like a few, but only a very few, of the clever young men who write verse, he had strong misgivings that nearly half of his "Lute and Flute" was trivial stuff.

He went again to the Bigsbees'. This time it was their "day," and the rooms were full of people whom he



BECKMAN STANNARD ASKED ADA WHY MISS TRASK WAS ABSENT.

called, in a momentary snobbishness born of annoyance, "shabby genteel." For Martha was again absent. He did not inquire for her; he had begun to have his suspicions.

Not long afterward he received an invitation to dine at the Bigsbees'. The thought of meeting Martha solely induced him to accept. She had begun to haunt his dreams.

Mrs. Bigsbee had invited eight guests in all, but greatly to her dismay one of these, a lady, was taken ill at the eleventh hour, and could not come. She was forced, therefore, to call upon Martha, whose dinner would otherwise have been served her in her own apartment upstairs. But she arranged that the girl should sit as far away from Beekman Stannard as possible, and that she should take in Ada.

Then she had laid what she flattered herself was a very pretty and skillful little plot. During dinner Ada (in whose vanquishing fascinations she as firmly believed as Stannard discredited them) was to quote "Climbing Roses" entire to its author, having at last really learned it by heart after diligent study. When the ladies assembled in the drawing-room, Martha, according to strict orders, must slip away. And then, when the ladies were rejoined by the gentlemen after their cigars, Ada was to lure Stannard into a little reception-room adjoining the hall—a delightful nook, fitted up as a library, with volumes in rows of low cases, mostly the standard works of what "Punch" once called "real dead authors," and none of which either Mrs. Bigsbee or her daughter had ever opened, though among them Martha had passed many a pleasant hour. On a table in this charming fire-lit chamber was to lie "Lute and Flute," and Ada, in her supposed rapturous admiration, was to beg that Stannard would read aloud to her page after page of its contents.

The dinner keenly wearied Stannard, and the aloofness of Martha disconcerted him only a trifle less than the discovery that she had quitted the drawing-room, after a hastily smoked cigarette made him leave the other gentlemen and return there. He could not leave immediately after dinner, and so when Ada proposed the library he acquiesced with a feeling of placid torment. This girl, who had so palpably studied his "Climbing Roses" in order to "get it off" at him during dinner! How obvious had been her effort! What did she care about poetry and what did she know about it? What was her million-dollar dot to him? He wouldn't marry a girl with fifty millions unless he loved her. And the more he was kept away from Martha the more he began to realize that something in her presence enchanted, perplexed, enthralled.



A LITTLE LATER ADA WAS IN THE DRAWING-ROOM TALKING EAGERLY TO HER MOTHER.

"So you want me to read aloud some of my trash," he said, while crossing the threshold of the little library. "Trash!" Ada cried. "Oh, Mr. Stannard, how can you call it that!"

Stannard flung himself into an easy-chair near the table. Ada, standing beside him, reached out for a volume among those which oversteered it.

"Here—you see how easily I recognize 'Lute and Flute,'" she exclaimed.

"It has a rather flamboyant binding," said Stannard, indolently. "That's my publisher's fault, not mine."

Ada had fluttered toward the mantel. "There are matches here, if you want to smoke. Do you?"

She readvanced toward him, all smiles, carrying a small gilt-bronze box filled with wax tapers.

Stannard did not reply. He was turning over the pages of his book. On one page he read: "Trashy, but clever." On another: "Fairly pretty, but not poetry."

On another: "Such a man should not write such rubbish." On another: "Purely idiotic." On another: "Decidedly good, and somehow in the way that he talks."

On another: "Lovely, lovely . . . oh, if all the book were like this!" On another: "Detestably cynical."

On another: "This is the man as I know him and admire him. . . . Oh, if he would always write like this!"

And, finally, on another: "Where he writes of love, honest and pure love, without posing and affectation, he always shows himself the true poet that he really is!"

Stannard closed the book. He had not seen a newcomer pass through the half-open doorway, and neither had Ada, for both their backs were turned from it.

"I perceive, Miss Bigsbee, that you are not only an admirer of my verses but a critic of them."

"I?" fell from Ada, bewilderedly. She glanced again toward the table, and her eye lit on another book.

"Why, there are two here," she exclaimed. "This is mine—"

"And the other is some one else's?" asked Stannard, with a thin, dim smile. "Whose?"

"Mine," said Martha.

They both turned. Stannard swiftly rose.

"Forgive me," Martha shot out impetuously; "I left the book here a little while before dinner. I was reading it here, and—forgot to bring it upstairs with me. I—I came down, just now, to get it, and I—heard—your last words."

"They were not severe, I hope," said Stannard, looking at her with an amused challenge. "Your written comments, I think you'll admit, are often far more so."

Martha had crimsoned to her hair; but the flush was dying away, now.

"I am terribly mortified," she murmured. . . .

A little later Ada was in the drawing-room talking eagerly to her mother, whose brows gathered while she

listened.—"And he told her, mamma, that she hadn't hurt his feelings at all, and begged her to sit down with him and talk over the poems that she'd criticised, and she seated herself beside him at the table, as bold as you please, and I was nowhere—simply nowhere!"

"She'd planned the whole affair," said Mrs. Bigsbee, livid with wrath. "I'm sure of it!"

Quite a good while after this, when all her dinner guests had departed, Mrs. Bigsbee swept into the library.

Stannard and Martha were seated side by side. The book, "Lute and Flute," was closed; they seemed both to have forgotten it. Martha was pale, and in her eyes tears glistened.

The lady of the house gave a high, sharp little laugh as she envisaged Stannard.

"My daughter has told me of Martha's—er—mistake. I hope she has properly apologized for it?"

"No apology was needed," Stannard quietly answered. "Indeed, we have been speaking of other things."

"Ah? Of other things?"

"Yes; your niece has been telling me that she intends to accept a position of school-teacher which has very recently been offered her."

Ragefully off her guard, Mrs. Bigsbee now stared at Martha. "What pose, if you please, is this?"

"It is no pose," Martha returned. "The offer came to me only this afternoon, and to-morrow I am going to stay with my friends, the Livermores, till my salary begins in good earnest. I feel that I have troubled you, Aunt Caroline, quite long enough."

At heart Mrs. Bigsbee really loved the girl, and this announcement dealt her a pang that pierced right through the core of her anger, shattering it into atoms.

She hurried up to Martha. "You really intend to do this?"

Here Stannard rose. "My dear lady," he said, "I have great hopes that she will not do it. For I have just made her a proposition of somewhat bewildering suddenness."

"A proposition?" Mrs. Bigsbee threw off, dazedly.

"I had asked her, a minute or two before you en-

tered, to be my wife. But she had not replied; she has had no time to reply."

"Oh, I'll give her time—plenty of time," gasped Mrs. Bigsbee; and she veered, with a swish of her silken skirts, almost staggering out of the room.

Considerably later there was a clang of the hall door as Stannard closed it. Mrs. Bigsbee swept into the library once more.

Martha sat in the same seat where her relative had last found her.

"Well!" cried Mrs. Bigsbee, "you are a lucky girl! It's all settled, of course."

Martha, still paler than before, faintly shook her head.

"No."

"No? What do you mean?"

"I'm going to be a school-teacher. I'm very grateful to Mr. Stannard, but there's no other way."

"No other way! You can't mean you've refused Beekman Stannard!"

This time Martha slowly inclined her head. "It all came upon me like a thunderbolt. I'd never dreamed of it. And I dared not say 'yes.'"

"Dared not!"

"I—I could not feel sure that I loved him."

"Good heavens! And he?"

"I think he understood, Aunt Caroline. We parted good friends."

In an instant, after this simple speech, Martha rose before her companion in a new, noble, accusing, arraiguing light. Metaphorically, the rags and ashes dropped away from Cinderella. She appealed to the soul and conscience of her watcher like the one true and natural thing amid surroundings of falsity and sham.

Impetuously she cast herself at the girl's feet, and caught one of her hands, holding it tightly, while she kissed it again and again.

"I've been cross and mean and cruel to you, Martha! But all the time I've been fond of you! I don't care whether you refuse him or not. You mustn't leave me I can't do without you! I'll never say another bitter word to you as long as I live! There! I promise it by this kiss. I'm horribly ashamed of the past; I mean to outlive it. Try me, Martha, won't you?"

Amazed, Martha rose, gently forcing her interlocutress to rise as well.

"If you mean it, Aunt Caroline," she broke out—"if you really mean it!"

"Only try me, that's all!" There were two vivid red spots on Mrs. Bigsbee's cheeks as she kissed either of Martha's. Then she gave her head a defiant toss—the kind of toss that her foes had declared vulgar. "And you'll change your mind about him. You say that you and he parted good friends. We'll talk it all over to-morrow. You may change your mind, you dear, foolish, sensible, human, unworldly, utterly natural creature! May you not, now? May you not change your mind, Martha?"

The girl looked Mrs. Bigsbee full in the eyes, and then a dim, odd little smile flickered between her lips.

"Well, perhaps," she answered.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE production of "Tristan and Isolde" announced for next week is of a nature to delight every lover of romance and of art. The legend itself belongs to an epoch almost mythical to-day, but which once was entirely real. For centuries the names of the hero and the heroine were synonyms of love. The Welsh harpists told of them to the Anglo-Norman singers who repeated them to the troubadours, whence they passed all over Europe.

Precisely as the legend of the Holy Grail represented the mystic conquest of Divine Love, this legend represented the apotheosis of human affection. Wherever bards and minstrels were, the adventures of Tristan and Isolde, the philter which they drank together, their flight, their life imitable in the grotto of giants, the exile of Tristan which ensued, the effort of Isolde to join him, and the death in which they were reunited at last, were sung to listeners that never tired. For the central idea a love that irrevocably interconnects two people, and vanquishes everything even to life, even to death, yet which through its grandeur and constancy ennobles both, has always been of a character to detain.

Born of history, nursed in Wales, the scene of the legend is set in Ireland and in Brittany. It is the wild flower of coasts on which the ocean beats. It exhales their savors, their charms and tempests. There is in it the infinite. It not only detains, it intralls. From the sixth to the thirteenth century it seems to have haunted the hearts of women and the minds of men. They used to say then "To be loved like Isolde, to be loved like Tristan!" It was a dream beyond which the imagination could not soar.

Subsequently memories lapsed, the echo of their names subsided, they passed into myth. It was in Wales only that they were remembered. There used to be a convent there in which their tomb was shown. From it, it is related, there grew roses and ivy. But whether the plant was a rose bush with leaves of ivy, or ivy with buds of rose, no one could tell. It was known merely that one could not be separated from the other without destroying both.

It is in this way that legends have their birth and subsidence. But more marvelous than either are their resurrections. It is genius alone that can wake them from their enchanted slumber, yet now and again, at a master touch, they rise, irrepressibly fair, their youth and beauty renewed. Such has been the fortune of Tristan and Isolde. Wagner took the legend, divested it of its superfluities, heightened the action, and recreated the characters. If ever a tragedy has been written it is this. Every word tells, every gesture talks. In the three acts, which in reality are but three scenes, you are occupied solely with the irresistible force which fuses two lives in a single destiny. There is no chorus, no ballet, no attempt to entertain. It is not opera, nor is it a play. It is a musical drama, or rather it is human emotion at its highest, expressed as it has never been expressed before. It is harmony pursued and captured on its ultimate frontiers. It is art transcendent and unexceedable, the extreme limit that music can reach.

To say that it is not appreciated is a platitude. If

anything could make Wagner turn over in his grave it would be the fact that his sidereal magnificence had become popular. "It would be deplorable indeed," said Berlioz, "if my works were admired by certain people." But the fame of Berlioz was posthumous. He chafed at the indifference with which his scores were received. The genius of Wagner was universally recognized before he died. He was immortal while yet alive. But his genius and immortality, while universally admitted, have never been, and, it may be, never will be, universally acclaimed. There are a great many cultivated and charming people who would rather break stones than sit out one of Wagner's works. Yet in Germany, I have known students who economized by dining on dry bread in order that they might listen to "Tristan and Isolde."

A POET ON CANVAS.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

As I have said before, there are many kinds of life in London; and fine though that of the Smart Set may be, there are times when one likes to breathe a less aromatic atmosphere. In other words, one gets tired of handsome outsiders, and tolerates them no longer unless there should happen to be something of answering value within. In such moods it was my habit to betake myself to the homes of the proletariat.

All but a few of the artists may for present purposes be roofed under this definition. Men like Leighton, Tadmara, and Millais lived in palaces, and lived up to them; but the average artist, even when he owned fame and genius, was lodged much more simply. But their houses were comfortable, homelike and charming; and now that I look back upon my London life of twenty years ago, I find that most of my friends there were artists. They may have quarreled among one another, for aught I can tell; but I got on very well with them, and never needed better company, or knew where to find it.

Over at Chelsea, on the Thames water-front, and not ten minutes from the abode of the mighty Carlyle, who was then in full life and cry, was a house of old pattern, yet able to maintain a fair show with more modern habitations. There was, I remember, a row of trees in front of it, so that as you looked from the front windows on the historic river, these gnarled branches held themselves between, as if to recall to your attention the endless struggle of nature with man. Down the brown sliding stream sailed boats and puffed steamers, and up against the current they struggled and tacked; at a distance of half a mile the further shore was dim and dusky even at midday with the eternal smoke and fog of the world's metropolis; and eastward, that swarthy obscurity deepened still more, for there the city lay. But, for Londoners, this house was in the country; and the roar of the millions was but a remote murmur there, like the memory of trouble in a dream.

This house I speak of had tone and quality even before you entered it; and inside it was just what it ought to be. It was decorated by the people who lived in it, all of whom were artists in one way or another. The walls were tinted in warm and grateful half-tints, and the friezes and dados were bright and interesting with spoils from Japan and India. The chairs and tables were roomy and ancient, old black oak and Chippendale, and there were rugs upon the polished floors worn into soft colors by the feet of many years. At the rear there was a hospitable dining-room with a great table up and down its length, where a dozen people often sat at breakfast and dinner; and in the drawing-room there was a piano, at which you could hear as good playing and singing as anybody need desire. For one of the sons and both the daughters were musicians, and all the family could play and sing. Including the father and mother there were eight of these people in all; and they had friends who stayed with them or were apt to turn up at any time and remain a day or two; and other friends who came once a week, and made a roar of good-fellowship all the evening, till the small hours of the next day.

The Lawsons they were called; the old people were kindly and winning; the girls were pretty each in her way, and the youngest wrote pretty poetry. Of the boys, young fellows of between twenty and thirty, two were artists on canvas, and the other, Malcolm, the handsomest of the three, and very handsome that was, in a romantic and yet manly style, was the musician, with a baritone voice like that in the old song, which could

draw water from a stone,
Or milk out of maiden's breast
That bairn had never none.

He would toss his hair back from his forehead, and look up, and touch the keys, and sing—and many a young lady would look at him with deepening eyes, and hide a sigh. He was one of the best and simplest fellows in the world, and men liked him as well as women.

But it was at the top of the house that I most often found myself, for there was the studio of Cecil, the landscape-painter. It was just an attic-room made into a studio, and did not in the least remind me of the sumptuous magnificence of Sir Frederic Leighton's painting-hall, or of the even more harmonious loveliness of Tadmara's on Regent's Park (as it was then). But it was the working-room of an artist in every detail, and of one who, though barely thirty years old, was already one of the greatest artists of landscape that ever lived in England. Cecil Lawson died only a few years later, at the very height of his fame, though by no means—as competent judges agreed—at the culmination of his powers. His pictures were on the line at the Academy, and were cheap at three thousand pounds; he had painted the "Weald of Kent," "Far from the Madding Crowd," and two or three more, whose titles I do not recall, though I shall never forget how they looked; all large canvases, and all fit to be companions for a lifetime. They were marvelous paintings; they had that deepest poetry which is living truth; they carried the eye inward and onward like the magic of a sun they reflected nature and interpreted her at the same time. Only in the case of the great masters do landscapes mean anything beyond what the external eye discovers; but

Cecil Lawson saw and revealed the human Word beneath the text of Nature; his pictures wooed the heart and captivated the mind; they were fascinating with moods, profound with emotion, refined with thought; as you gazed, and lost yourself in them, you found in them a greater self than you had lost, and followed it enchanted over hill and dale, and through the mystery of forests, and by the side of still waters; birds sang to you, shadows went and came, and you were warm in the sheltered valleys, and cool breezes met you on the brow of the hill. The sunlight touched the faces of the flowers dancing in the foreground on their tall stems; and led you on by winding ways to the sedgy ford, with its woodland path beyond; and there was no man or woman in sight, but you knew that the shepherd and the milkmaid must just have passed, because their voices seemed still to vibrate in the scented air, and the rustic human influence was all about, unseen. I hesitate to liken these pictures to poetry, because it might be thought that they were merely graceful, sentimental things, like the sweet, die-away rhymes of a troubadour. But this is not the poetry I am thinking of. The long and splendid reverberations of the unrhymed hexameter are in my mind; the rugged poems of mountain and plain and mysterious forest; the songs of the winds and of the wild-birds in the thicket, the noble, simple idylls of plowed fields and hoary harvests. All was masculine, yet with a tenderness and a melody that were more than feminine. Lawson's landscapes were the record of a deep human insight seeking to express its perceptions through the medium of Nature's book, and succeeding as few have succeeded. He was less fantastic and astounding than Turner, but not less profound.

As to his personal, physical presence, meanwhile, he seemed by no means the kind of person you would pick out as likely to achieve such things. He had a well-knit figure, but not tall, nor in any manner distinguished. His curly hair was of a light flaxen hue, and his skin was fair, with a constant flush in his thin cheeks. It was the complexion of a consumptive, and such he was, and so he died. His temperament was ardent and emotional, with alternating periods of depression and exaltation, and always exceedingly sensitive to impressions from others, especially those whose opinion he cared for. His nature was generous, high-strung, impassioned; he held to high ideals, and his ambition was lofty and noble. He was strong in his likings and in his dislikes, poor in reasons, but sure in intuitions. Of the wisdom of this world he had little, but he had abundance of the rarer wisdom which is the heritage of future ages. On the artistic side, his life was a triumph; on the other, a tragedy.

I never saw the woman he married; but she killed him. He married her, against the counsel of family and friends, because he thought she loved him, and that it was his manly duty to bind himself to her. There were sad times at home while this matter was going on, and sadder still after it was consummated. The worst apprehensions of his friends were more than realized. The woman was vulgar, shallow, coarse and selfish; she separated him from his family, outraged him, crushed him. His sense of marital honor kept him from protesting, or accepting consolation from his friends; it was only in his face that you could see the ravages that she was perpetrating in his soul. He soon lost the power of doing his work, and then it was plain that he would not last much longer. I think it was about two years after his marriage that he died. His constitution was never robust, but under happier conditions he might have been alive to-day. Such men can live on air, if they are happy. The world of English art gained much in him, but perhaps lost more.

The chirography fad was coming into favor in London at that time, and I followed it like so many others. One day, Cecil asked me to read his hand. It was not difficult to interpret; there was the steadily ascending destiny, the commanding signature of Apollo, the quick brain, the nerves, the impulsive heart. But after I had told him this, he asked, "How long do you give me to live?"

Now I had no desire to speak on that point; for the indications of frailty were too obvious there; and in addition to the constitutional delicacy, there was an ominous mark beside the line of life which boded no good to either life or peace of mind. However, it seemed to me that, could this danger be escaped, the man might go on to sixty; and therefore without mentioning the perils, I told him only of the hope. He looked doubtfully at me—I doubt not he believed in the "science" much more than I did—and at last said, "Well, that gives me time enough; if I can't do what is in me by sixty, I can't do anything." It was soon after my first meeting with him that this incident occurred; I introduce it only to show his attitude toward himself. He died three or four years later, as I have described; he did not fulfill his earthly ambition; but for my part I do not question that he is fulfilling an ambition transcendently more lofty now.

ON THE LAST NIGHT.

BY AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

The castle was old, and gray, and ivy-grown. It lay half enveloped in the phantom arms of the twilight; the ghostly shapes of the rocky hills surrounded it, fashioned like gaping mouths in horrid skulls. Below the vassals gossiped or slumbered, for the eye of The Master could no longer overlook them; above The Master lay on his ancient bed watching the lengthening of the stealthy shadows: Uleen—the valet's little son—crouched kneeling at the window, his elbows on the wide sill, his head on his hands.

The clock ticked ponderously; the sharp click of its steady tongue reverberated through the silences. A little brown twig without tapped with a knotted rheumatic finger on the window-pane. The old man stirred uneasily.

"Who spoke, Uleen?"

The boy turned his head—"No one, sire."

"Some one whispered!"

"Sire, you were mistaken; there is no one here to whisper."

Still The Master shifted uneasily. "I am sure some

one spoke." He muttered the words. The boy did not hear; he was looking out of the window.

"What can you see?" asked the old man; he spoke as if afraid of the silence.

"The shadows are thickening round the feet of the mountain," said the child—the old man shut his faded eyes—"and there is not a star in the sky. But it is not yet all darkness. I can see smoke rising from the chimney at the Lodge, and a girl is picking herbs in the garden—yes, it must be a girl—her hair is tied and she wears a white pinafore—"

"It is Katrine, the lodge-keeper's daughter," interrupted The Master, "she is gathering for the salad. Ah, many a time she smiled at me as she opened the gate! She was a sweet girl—Katrine, and I loved her—once—but love dies."

"And Katrine?" said the little page curiously.

"She died, too; they said her heart was broken; but I laughed in my sleeve: hearts are not brittle, they bend—they never break. She was a sweet girl, Katrine."

"But she is out there now—picking herbs!" persisted the lad.

"Aye," said the old man dreamily, "she is gathering—gathering for the salad."

The clock chimed in long weary strokes; a black bat flew against the window and beat its dusty wings in a sudden fury.

"It is Ugthrift of the Heights," said the old man; "he is beckoning to me. He is beckoning me to the fight. Have you not had enough, Sir Ugthrift? Had you not enough that night when I shot you down like a dog in the hollow, shot you down because you had won a heart which had once been mine? Which had once been mine and which I had never loved—but we Nielsens keep our possessions as you discovered to your cost, Ugthrift of the Heights! And you lay there with your dark face turned to the skies, a ghost among ghosts, a shadow among shadows—and none ever knew!"

The boy shuddered and turned again to the window. His face softened as he gazed into the distance, his dark eyes dilated, his breath came and went evenly as if he were peacefully asleep. But the terror which had been his became his master's: the old face grew set and pinched, the eyes glittered unnaturally under the peaked lids, the pulse was feverish. He half rose and stretched a naked quivering arm toward the window.

"Who is below? Who—who is below? I can hear the clang of feet that are spurred, and the clash of armor, and the clamor of voices that are strange! They are in the yard!—the bridge is lowered!—who comes there?"

"It is an army," said the page in soft dreamy syllables; "it is gathering beyond. I can see the foam on the horses' mouths; I can feel the tramp of their hoofs! The sky in the west is covered with crimson."

"It is Kramer the Ruddy!" cried the old man in a frenzy of excitement, his blazing eyes striving to pierce the gloom. "It is he—Kramer of the red locks, even the heavens blush at his approach! It is he—Kramer—the rivers run red under his fiery glare, the green grass crimson before him! The gorges spit blood as he passes, and there are none but shake at his army's tread—none but the Nielsens—he is naught to them!"

"I was mistaken," said the page, passing a trembling hand over his eyes, "there is naught without, naught but a white mist moving on the breast of the mountain."

The old man sank back, his skinny fingers picking like talons at the counterpane; he laughed hoarsely, a horrible laugh. "There was nothing white about the Ruddy Kramer—even his hair was as red as his sword's point, though he was older than I when he died!"

"He is dead?" the boy asked without turning his head.

The old man laughed again—"Aye, he is dead, as this hand well knows. He dared to defy a Nielsen, and who dares to defy the Nielsens!—He is dead."

"It is only a little white mist on the mountain," the boy repeated the words to himself. The clock chimed again; and the silence before and after was very deep. The old man's eyes were strangely glazed; he plucked at his throat spasmodically as if to aid his struggling breath.

The eyelids of the little page were drooping, he crossed his arms on the sill and rested his head on them; at length he spoke, in a soft caressing monotone:

"A child is playing at the castle gate; her hair is dark and very beautiful. She is singing to herself, and there are poppies round her head. I can see a horseman in the distance. What a pretty child, I wish she would come nearer. Come nearer, little girl. But the horseman is coming instead; he is coming—and he does not see her! The hoofs of his horse are heavy—they are passing over her!"

"It is he!" shouted the old man hoarsely; he caught at the curtain of his bed and tore it aside; his lips were swollen, they would scarcely part as the passionate words rushed through—"It is he—the hound, the fiend, the messenger of Hell! He passed over my daughter and trampled her! He—he trampled the pride of the Nielsens—he—nephew to the Red Kramer whom we tore from his roots as the wind does a rotten tree! May his hearth be desolate and his house eaten by parasites! May God curse him!" the words rattled in his throat, he thrust his wasted arms high in the air, and fell back—dead.

And, at the window, the boy slept.

And a star arose from behind the hills and hung over the castle its trembling silver lamp.

AN old Scotchman, not feeling well, called upon a doctor. The doctor gave him some verbal instructions as to how to regulate his diet, advising him, among other things, to drink no spirits for some time. The old Scotchman rose to leave, when the doctor said: "I am in the way of charging for my advice. I will trouble you for half-a-crown." "Oh, maybe," said the patient, "but I'm nae gaun to tak yer advice."

A BEAUTIFUL eye makes silence eloquent, a kind eye makes contradiction an assent, an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little member gives life to every other part about us; and I believe the story of Argus implies no more, than that the eye is in every part; that is to say, every other part would be mutilated, were not its force represented more by the eye than even by itself. —Addison.



HOUSE IN WHICH THE
CONSTITUTION
WAS ADOPTED.



WHERE THE LEGISLATURE
FIRST MET IN ALBANY.



THE CAPITOL, 1808-1878.

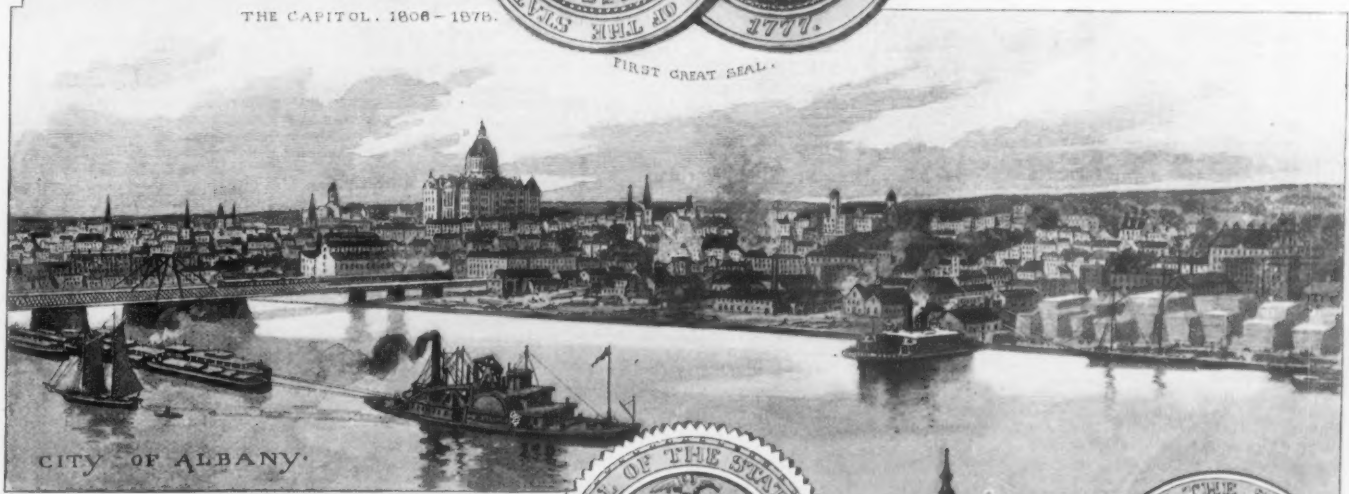


Governor
John
Jay.
and
Lieut-Gov
Stephen
Van Rensselaer.
1797.

State Street - 1797



FIRST GREAT SEAL.



CITY OF ALBANY.



THIRD GREAT SEAL.



SECOND GREAT SEAL.



THE STATE CAPITOL
AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

C. T. Upham

ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

THE WIDOW'S DEFIANCE.

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown," says Shakespeare.

Bulgaria, that small country in southeastern Europe, has long furnished the verification of the motto.

It will be remembered the late Prince Alexander of Battenberg, eldest of the four Battenberg brothers, reigned in Bulgaria for a time. During his short reign he was betrothed to one of the sisters of the German emperor, who since became the wife of the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe.

Prince Alexander came to Windsor Castle on a visit to the queen, who treated him with great cordiality.

Rumors got afloat, somehow, that he and the late Prince Henry of Battenberg got comparing notes, and Alexander went home and broke off his engagement with the German Princess.

He was a singularly handsome man and the princess was inconsolable.

Soon after, he resigned the throne of Bulgaria, married his valet's daughter, retired into private life and died, leaving his widow and four children almost penniless.

Then Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg was elected to the vacant throne, and he proceeded to consolidate his position by marriage with an Austrian archduchess.

On account of the difference in their religion it was stipulated that the children of the marriage should be brought up in the Catholic faith. To this the prince agreed; but, on the birth of a son, Prince Boris, he forgot his promise, and the child was baptized in the Greek faith.

Great commotion ensued. The Princess of Bulgaria applied to the Pope for a separation, but was refused.

The prince has never shown much desire to remain too long a time at Sofia, on account of the undercurrent of unrest which there prevails.

It will be remembered in 1895, during the absence of Prince Ferdinand, the Prime Minister Stambuloff was assassinated in one of the streets of Sofia on a certain day in July.

His power was almost absolute, and his tragic death similar to that which overtook the late Czar Alexander II., grandfather of the present czar.

When Stambuloff's fate was telegraphed to Prince Ferdinand he "shook in his shoes," as the phrase goes, and his abdication was more than once hinted.

He however put a bold front on the situation, and after some time returned to Sofia.

The trial of the murderers of Stambuloff is now going forward at Sofia, and Madame Stambuloff, widow of the premier, appeared before the Tribunal, and demanded that the "real assassins" be arraigned.

The bereaved woman declared "the miserable wretches" on trial were not the assassins of her husband, "but the high officials of the government."

Breathless silence prevailed in court during the appeal of Madame Stambuloff. People looked at each other in amazement, and none of the judges asked her a question.

There is no doubt a great amount of intrigue with Russia and England is mixed up in the politics of Bulgaria. "By favor of the czar," is the only patent of security by which the reigning prince holds the reins of government.

If Prince Ferdinand should be driven to abdicate, report says Prince Adolphus of Teck, eldest brother of the Duchess of York, who is married to a daughter of the Duke of Westminster, would be named as a possible successor.

NOT SURE AND FIRM-SET.

The lovely shores of Lough Leane, better known as the Lakes of Killarney, are singularly exempt from fatalities. An avalanche being until now unknown, despite the fact that Torc Waterfall, O'Sullivan's Cascade, and the river Fleck, have been flowing into the lakes from time immemorial.

But the sad event which occurred at Bathmore in the same district, has cast a gloom over the locality.

The eminence known as "Boy Hill," a thousand feet high, suddenly moved and swept downward with a roaring sound, carrying rocks, trees and everything before it for miles. The home of Mr. Donnelly, Lord Kenmare's steward, was engulfed in the mass of earth and debris, and all its occupants, Mr. Donnelly, his wife and seven children, were killed.

The marriage of the Princess Helene d'Orleans and the Duc d'Aosta took place in the summer of 1895, and was believed to be a love match. Albeit the Princess had worn the willow for the late Duke of Clarence, who was devotedly attached to her. Difference of religion would have been an insuperable barrier to their union, and death ended their dream. The Duc d'Aosta is nephew of King Humbert; his father wore the Spanish crown for a short time and then resigned it. His death took place at Turin some two years ago. A report is now current that Princess Helene, Duchess d'Aosta, and her husband, not being of congenial disposition, have decided on a separation. Divorce is impossible, both being Catholics.

The Countess de Paris, mother of the Duc d'Orleans, has sent one thousand francs to the fund in aid of the Spaniards wounded in Cuba and the Philippine Islands. She has added a letter of congratulation to the soldiers. The mother of the Countess de Paris is the Duchess de Montpensier, an Infanta of Spain.

Emperor William II. of Germany has conferred a decoration on Dr. Roux, of Paris, who succeeds the late Pasteur, the distinguished chemist. Contrary to the precedent which has existed relative to German decorations distributed among Frenchmen, M. Roux has accepted. A short time ago the Emperor of Germany asked Pasteur to accept the German order of merit, but the great Frenchman declined the honor, declaring that he could never forget 1870.

The national election in the Swiss Republic has just taken place at Berne. M. Adolphe Deucher, radical member of the Canton of Thurgovia, was elected President, and M. Ruffy, radical member of the Canton of

Lausanne, Vice-President. The Federal Councilors have all been re-elected.

When the news of the Princess Elvira's escapade reached the Vatican the Pope is said to have made the significant remark: "The sins of the father are visited on his children."

The only son of Don Carlos is Don Jaime, now a little over twenty-six years of age, who has been very highly educated at the Jesuit College of Beaumont, Old Windsor, England, also in the military colleges and in Austria. By the special permission of Czar Nicholas II., Don Jaime is at present serving in the Russian army as an officer in a cavalry regiment. It opportunity offered Don Jaime thinks he could count on the assistance of Russia to aid him to ascend the Spanish throne. For several years Don Carlos has lived in comparative retirement at Venice. He has an immense fortune, part of which he inherited on the death of his first wife (mother of Don Jaime), Marguerite de Bourbon, daughter of Charles III., duke of Parma, and consequently niece of the Count and Countess of Chambord. Any attempt on the part of Don Carlos to reach the Spanish throne would cost millions of dollars. It would also meet with disapproval from the Court of Austria. The Queen Regent of Spain is by birth an Austrian Archduchess.

A very lively quarrel took place lately in the Italian Chamber of Deputies with regard to an endowment of an annual income of one million francs for the Prince of Naples, heir to the throne of Italy, on the occasion of his marriage with the Princess Helene of Montenegro. The project of law was accompanied by a declaration from King Humbert in which his Majesty said that in order not to augment the civil expenses he would reimburse annually to the Minister of Finance an equivalent sum to add to the civil list. Signor Imbriani, head of the Socialists, then proposed to diminish the civil list by one million francs a year. This motion was rejected by three hundred votes against twenty-six. The Marquis di Rudini, President of the Council, assured Signor Imbriani that the House of Savoy need never take up arms for its own defense, but only for the honor of the country. In the course of the debate, Signor Costa, a Socialist deputy, fought the proposal of granting an endowment to the Prince and proposed the abolition of every gift to the crown. He declared that the monarchy was not alone useless, but that it was a dangerous institution. A tumult ensued which lasted some time. When order was re-established, the Marquis di Rudini tried to reply to Signor Costa, but his voice was drowned amid the shouts and raillery of the Socialists. Finally, amid the wildest scenes of confusion, the bill was carried granting an endowment of one million francs for the prince.

The inhabitants of Bombay, British India, are fleeing from their homes in great numbers on account of the plague. The exodus numbers over two hundred thousand persons. Official reports prove the great fatality of those once stricken with the disease. Of the one thousand five hundred and fifty-one cases of sickness, one thousand and ninety-four have succumbed. Famine stalks through the land and the condition of the natives is truly deplorable.

Much gossip is going on in Europe about the recent visit of King Alexander of Serbia to Vienna, to see his father, ex-King Milan, who lives at the Austrian capital, and has been separated from his wife, Queen Nathalie, for many years. This royal lady lives in Paris, and there is a raffle now going on for the Little Sisters of the Poor in that city, the principal prize being a magnificent diamond ring belonging to the queen which she wore for twenty years, lost some months ago, and vowed if found she would give to this charity. It turned up mysteriously, and the raffle is the result. King Alexander is negotiating the reunion of his parents. He is about to seek a royal bride, and a parental reconciliation is the preliminary step. He is a diplomatic young man, as will be seen by his visit to Rome, where, although a guest at the Quirinal, he showed his allegiance to Leo XIII. by a visit to the Pontiff at the Vatican.

The Italian Minister of War has received a number of letters from Italian prisoners in Abyssinia; the Italian soldiers beseech the minister, asking to be allowed to remain in that far-off land. The soldiers ask not to be regarded as deserters, and explain that they have won good positions as builders, cloak makers, and other employments much appreciated by the Abyssinians. The ministry will grant their request, and will instruct Major Nerazzini to try and arrange a commercial contract with the Negus to permit certain Italians to return to Abyssinia.

Before the Tribunal of Justice, at Amsterdam, the heretofore peaceable capital of Holland, a trial is proceeding which causes much uneasiness among the Dutch. It is a case of anarchism, in which Mdlle. Kleefstra, a young woman twenty-two years of age, is accused of high treason, having enunciated her views at a meeting of democratic socialist women at the Constantia Hall, Amsterdam. She does not disguise her views as to the monarchical form of government which she considers unjust to the majority of the people. The Crown Prosecutor asked the jury for a condemnation to six months imprisonment.

Dr. Declat, of Paris, who first adopted antiseptic treatment, has just died at Nice, in the villa of the Promenade du Midi, whither he had gone to pass the winter.

Prince Borghese and his bride, the young Duchess de Ferrara, one of the richest heiresses in Italy, have been received by the Pope in a private audience.

A great deal of friction still exists in the conquered provinces of Alsace and Lorraine between the German conquerors and the natives. The University of Strasbourg was the scene of much excitement lately. The French element showed itself in the warm reception given to the French chemist, Professor Fittig. A complaint was made to the authorities by a German student, which resulted in the expulsion of M. Francois, a young Frenchman, from his Alma Mater.

Madame Adelina Patti is at Craig-y-nos Castle, her home in North Wales, studying a new rôle in the opera of "Dolores," which will be produced for the first time at Nice, on the Riviera, early in spring. This is positively not the last farewell tour, either.

VARIETIES.

BY PERCIE W. HART.

AMERICA BELONGS TO WOMANKIND.

When Raleigh's colonists occupied the Island of Roanoke in July, 1587, they named the country Virginia in honor of Queen Elizabeth, who proudly called herself the Virgin Queen. In August, just before Governor White went back to England for reinforcements, Mrs. Dare, his daughter and the wife of one of his lieutenants, gave birth to a female child—the first born of English parentage on the soil of what is now the United States. The little girl was appropriately named Virginia.

When Raleigh brave sent o'er the wave

His ships of stately mien,

He named the land, from hill to strand,

In honor of his virgin queen:

And when a little child was born,

A dainty girl of winsome grace,

Quite in keeping was the act

Of naming her, from her birth-place.

It scarcely needs a man of law,

To prove a claim so free from flaw;

The first born child, in this our land,

Is always heir, by law's command;

Our first born child and natural heir

Was little Miss Virginia Dare.

A CHAMPION MEDALIST.

"Yes, Mr. Gowanus," said the big healthy-looking man with the small weak voice, "our new athletic club is already making a name for itself. You should certainly allow me the pleasure of proposing you for active membership at our next meeting."

"But I am no athlete," replied Gowanus, doubtfully.

"That makes no difference at all. In fact there are no genuine athletes in the club. We base our claim to distinction upon having one member who holds more medals and prizes than any of the most celebrated athletic champions of the country."

"You don't mean it," questioned Gowanus, interestedly. "How on earth did he win them?"

"Win them—nothing. He is a licensed pawnbroker."

WHAT JOHNNIE WROTE IN HIS SISTER'S "OPINIONS" ALBUM.

Name?—Johnnie Jones.
Favorite color?—Green(back).
Favorite indoor amusement?—Going out.
Favorite book (not religious)?—"Mealy Mouthed Mike, the Midnight Marauder of Melford, Massachusetts."

What is your idea of happiness?—Four aces.

What is your idea of misery?—Writing in albums.

What are the sweetest words in the world?—Sugar, honey, and molasses.

What is your favorite character in history?—Captain Kidd.

What is your favorite occupation?—Watching other people work.

If not yourself, who would you rather be?—Buffalo Bill.

What do you consider your best attribute?—Being able to knock the stuffing out of any kid on our block.

What is your most conspicuous fault?—Fondness for school.

What one thing do you enjoy most of all?—Fooling the people that read this.

ANOTHER MYSTERY REVEALED.

I was amazed at the voluminous promises of the rising young architect.

The house in question, he it understood, was to be built upon an ordinary twenty-five by a hundred and forty-foot lot. As near as I could figure out he had verbally agreed to have the principal apartments all corner rooms with southern exposure, and a veranda ten or twelve feet wide around the whole house. The front door was to be at the rear, and the back door on the side, and a spacious children's playground was to be constructed over the diminutive front porch. The drawing-room was to be shaped to fit a certain old carpet, and all the main rooms downstairs were to be so arranged that they could be conveniently thrown into one; although a stairway, hall, and chimney intervened.

"My dear fellow," I remonstrated, after the clients had exhausted themselves upon the subject and taken their departure: "Are you not undertaking a pretty large sized contract?"

"Oh, that's all right," he replied, carelessly: "we always have to do like that when we begin. But before the plans are actually accepted the husband and wife invariably quarrel, and do not make up until they move into the new house. Then we have everything our way, you see, and build to suit our own discretion."

And I recalled my own experience, and changed the subject hurriedly.

PAWNTS.

I'm a poet from Poetville, you bet,
An' can snake out a rhyme
In half an' the time
That an ornery fool takes to git in out th' wet;
But I've poeted all I'm agwintar,
Until I gits the chance
To slug that critter
Who tries to twitter,
An' make scone
Rhyme with pants.

CALIFORNIA.

Of course you expect to go there this winter. Let me whisper something in your ear. Be sure that the return portion of your ticket reads via the Shasta-Northern Pacific Route.

There you will see the grandest mountain scenery in the United States, including Mt. Hood and Mt. Rainier, each more than 14,000 feet high. You will also be privileged to make side trips into the Kootenai country, where such wonderful new gold discoveries have been made, and to Yellowstone Park, the wonderland not only of the United States, but of the world. Close railroad connections made in Union Station, Portland, for Puget Sound cities and the East via Northern Pacific.

Send six cents for a finely illustrated book, "Wonderland '96," to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Enameline

—the modern ready-to-use

STOVE POLISH



makes your stove bright with little work. No dirt, dust or odor. At all dealers'.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CAPITAL CENTENNIAL AT ALBANY.

THE celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the establishment of the State Capital at Albany takes place beginning June 3, 1897. Among the commissioners of the celebration are William Jay, a resident of New York—a lineal descendant of John Jay, who was Governor in 1797; William Bayard Van Rensselaer, a descendant of Stephen Van Rensselaer, the Lieutenant-Governor of that period.

Albany was incorporated as a village in April, 1652. In July, 1686, Governor Dongan granted a charter for the city of Albany. The names given to it at different times have been as follows: Pem-po-tu-wuth-ut (Place of the Council-fire), by the Mohicans; Sche-negh-ta-da (Through the pine woods), by the Iroquois; Ga-ish-tin-ic, by the Minici; Beversfuyck, supposed to refer to a bend in the river where fish were caught, probably a corruption of the first Dutch name, Beverwyck, a place for beavers, retained from about 1634 to 1664; Fort Orange, in honor of William, Prince of Orange and Nassau; Rensselaerwyck, in honor of the Patrons family of the Van Rensselaers; Williamstadt, in honor of William the Stadtholder, and Albany, in honor of James, Duke of York, Albany and Ulster, brother of King Charles II., who made him proprietor of the New Netherlands.

During the colonial period New York City was the capital of the State; sometimes the Colonial Assembly held its sessions at Jamaica, on Long Island. During the Revolution, when the British army took possession of New York City, the Legislature was compelled to meet at towns in the Hudson River Valley, as at White Plains, Albany, Kingston and Poughkeepsie. On August 1, 1776, a committee was appointed to prepare a Constitution, and on March 12, 1777, Mr. John Jay, chairman of the committee, submitted to the convention, then sitting at Kingston in a substantial stone house, a draft of the Constitution in his own

handwriting, and on April 20 it was adopted.

On January 3, 1797, the Legislature established itself permanently and lawfully at the Stadt Huys, at the corner of Broadway and Hudson Avenue in Albany, and held its sessions in it until about 1808, when a new and more convenient building, costing one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, was completed and ready for use. On December 9, 1867, ground was broken for the grand new structure now known as the new capitol. On July 7, 1869, the foundation was begun, and the corner-stone was laid with great ceremony by the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons on the 24th of June, 1871. January 7, 1879, it was formally occupied by the Legislature. It had cost up to that date ten million dollars, and it will probably need as many more before it is completed. C. UPHAM.

SIBERIAN PRISON-LIFE.

Our preconceived notions of Siberian prison-life are being knocked on the head. When the English traveler, Mr. Harry de Windt, on his return from Siberian travels said, "If I had to 'do time' I would sooner do it in Siberia than anywhere else," folks generally opened their eyes, while the more suspicious suggested the possibility of travelers being "squared"—which, of course, was the very worst nonsense. But now an eminent doctor, as well known in London as in America, a M.R.C.S. of London and a F.R.C.S. of Edinburgh, and the occupant of professorial chairs in leading colleges of the United States, returns to London to emphasize lessons to be drawn by the British prison authorities from the Czar's penal settlements. Dr. Benjamin Howard had no sooner landed in London than he was attacked by the interviewer.

Dr. Howard, though opposed to capital punishment, yet invented "the long drop." "It came about in this way," he said. "Many years ago I was staying at Chester, England; Calcraft, the then public executioner, was in the city, as there was to be an execution on the following day. Anxious to learn something about his methods I spent the evening with him, and found him to be a reserved, retiring, and benevolent person. He regarded himself somewhat in the light of a last nurse. A man, he argued, is condemned to die, and I have made it my business to send him out of the world as comfortably and expeditiously as possible. I found him very anxious that evening. The man he had to hang was, he said, the lightest he had ever had to execute. He feared that, owing to his light weight, he would be slowly choked. I suggested a longer rope, and after experiments I arranged with him the long drop—used ever since."

"In what respect does the Russian prison system compare favorably to our own?"—"The productiveness of convict labor in Siberia is a principle well worthy of imitation. In Britain and the United States a man convicted of crime is shut up in a cell, and, with few exceptions, such a man is employed in work that is no source of revenue to the country. Only the other day I visited a Belgian prison filled with persons convicted of murder engaged in useful occupation—many of them probably for the first time in their lives. No less than thirty-seven trades were in progress in that establishment; and the inmates were working at picture-frames, articles of furniture, etc., which, finding a ready sale, would prove an important source of revenue. I believe every pound of oakum picked in British jails is a dead loss."

Dr. Howard was asked about the terrible stories heard of Siberian exile. "I will neither confirm nor deny anything said by others: I speak only of things as I find them. I am too well known on both sides of the Atlantic for any one to suggest that I have been subsidized or bribed. And I have found no desire on the part of the Russian authorities to keep things secret. In Vladivostok—a dangerous center for prisoners who have tried to escape—the governor sent his own carriage to my hotel to conduct me to the jail. And, generally speaking, I met with similar readiness and courtesy everywhere. The administration of the Siberian penal system rests so largely in the hands of individuals that almost anything may be possible. I am prepared, therefore, to speak only from actual experience."

"So far as the Siberian exile is concerned, after his two years of imprisonment—provided he is docile and industrious—he becomes gradually a free man, and in a few years is practically at liberty within geographical limits. In Saghalien you pass political prisoners and murderers in the street and there is nothing to suggest that they are convicts. The man lives in his own cottage with his wife and family, and the sole restriction is a certain amount of surveillance. The cottage, which is built by the authorities, is better than the abode of the moujik in Free Russia, and vastly better than the agricultural laborer's home in Britain. The Siberian exile, unlike the convict in

many other countries, has thus an opportunity for improvement. There is nothing to prevent him becoming a church-going, money-saving and respected member of the community; and this all shows the futility of punishment for punishment's sake; and proves that instead of the convict system costing millions of pounds, it should be made a source of revenue, and thus be at once better for the prisoners themselves and for the State that has to keep them."

A RAILROAD HORROR.

More than thirty persons were killed and several others fatally injured by the plunge of a train through the Cahaba River Bridge, near Birmingham, Ala., December 27.

All the details of the catastrophe now in possession of the authorities tend to prove conclusively that the wreck was the work of train-wreckers, probably the same who tried to wreck a train at McComb's trestle and robbed another train on the Southern Railway, in Lafayette County, several days ago. To add, if possible, to the gresomeness of this news, it is announced that a committee was talked of at Birmingham to burn at the stake the perpetrators of the deed, when caught.

THE NEW ARMENIAN PATRIARCH.

The recent appointment of the incumbent of this ancient patriarchate at Constantinople is believed to be the forerunner of a fuller recognition of the rights of the Armenian Christians, on the part of the Government of the Porte. The account of the election of the new Patriarch has already been published in the WEEKLY.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

The yearly visit of the Queen to the tomb of the Prince Consort is not only an event that the English people always look forward to with affectionate interest, but it is one of those scenes that bring to all human hearts that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

How the British Empire manages to keep up a sort of nearness to the tyrant of Constantinople is shown in the dinner group illustrated on another page.

The new Chinese Ambassador to England arrives at the Court of St. James as the representative of a government that owes much to Great Britain for having brought the Flowery Kingdom out of a tight place after the war with Japan.

The theatrical world is intensely interested in the national reception to Sarah Bernhardt promoted by the great dramatist Sardou who has written special plays for the Tragedy Queen, and by other Frenchmen eminent in science, letters and public affairs.

Another great drawing by Sonntag is given this week. The subject is the train-wreck horror near Birmingham, Ala., supposed to be the work of train-wreckers. In scenes of this kind Mr. Sonntag is particularly strong and realistic.

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The stopping of a United States Customs spotter by a constable at Windsor, Ont., recently has resulted in diplomatic correspondence.

The United States authorities have been asked to send no officer to Windsor unless he be acquainted with the Windsor people, and we are assured that the officer sent will be arrested if he does not behave in a gentlemanly way. Of course the Windsorites will also behave in a gentlemanly—and ladylike—way in the matter of smuggling between Detroit and Windsor.

TO KEEP DON AND U. S. APART.

A Paris dispatch says it is suggested that Great Britain, France and Italy, the three powers most interested, offer their services in the Cuban question in order to prevent a conflict between Spain and the United States and to terminate the revolt.

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